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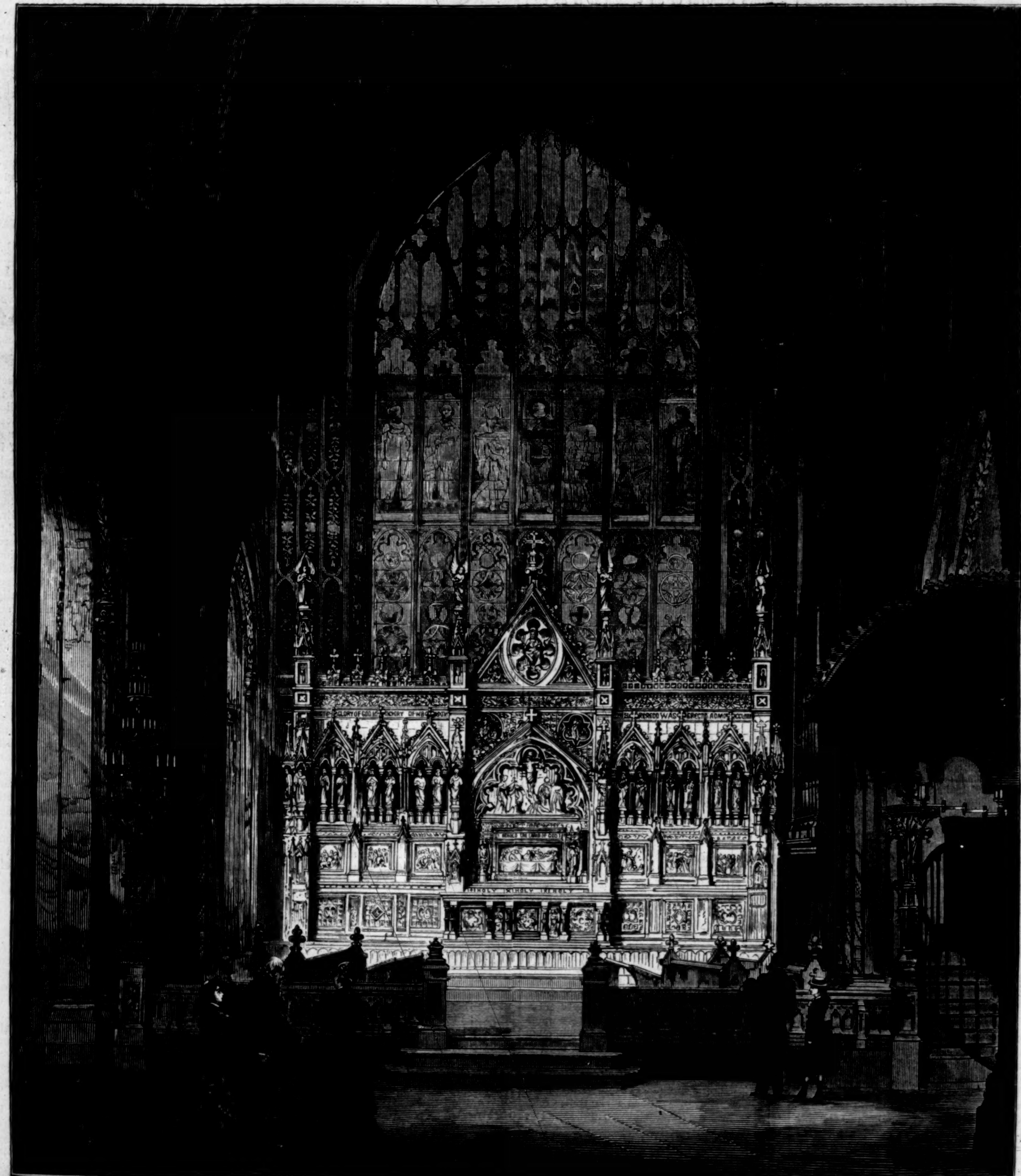

THE ASTOR REREDOS, TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Pach.—[See Page 582.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 28, 1877.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a fine double-page engraving of the fortified town of Widdin, and other attractive features.*

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JACKSONISM.

The most amusing suggestion that we have recently seen is made by a Democratic paper which approves the effort of the President to destroy the office-holding control of politics, because it is a return to the sound old Jacksonian doctrine! That doctrine, we are assured, is very simple and wholesome. It is briefly this: that when a new party administration comes in, the office-holders of the other party are to be turned out and replaced by partisans of the victors, only there must be no discrimination as to particular factions among the victors. We are told, also, to the same effect, that that eminent civil service reformer Mr. Marcy, in laying down the undoubted postulate of reform, that the spoils belong to the victor, was very careful to add that the victor must not plunder his own camp; by which phrase that austere reformer meant that the new party administration, while reasonably making a clean sweep of the opposition, must yet admit all its own supporters, of whatever stripe. The gravity with which all this is said is very ludicrous. Andrew Jackson was the great original corrupter of the civil service, and Mr. Marcy furnished his apology, as Buchanan subsequently tampered with secession, while Mr. Jeremiah Black furnished the plea. Jackson wrote a letter to Monroe, telling him, in effect, that a President should not be a partisan. He posed as a candidate of "retrenchment and reform" against the incorruptible John Quincy Adams, who scorned to remove any office-holder because of his party preferences; and the moment that the reforming Jackson was elected, the *Telegraph*, the chief Jackson paper, said, "We take it for granted, however, that he will reward his friends and punish his enemies."

That was the Jacksonian principle and practice of the civil service. The "old hero," the "old Roman," the "victor of New Orleans," who swore "by the Eternal" that he would have reform, converted the civil service into a vast system of plunder for the victorious party; and as the salaries and chances involved many millions of dollars, the Jacksonian doctrine at once made a general election a vast scramble for offices, in which policies and measures of government were lost. According to his theory and practice, the Presidential election was as much concerned with the messenger at the door of the office of the Secretary of the Treasury as with the Secretary himself. The inevitable result of such a system was that the control of the party organization of the dominant party fell into the hands of the office-holding class, where it has remained more and more tenaciously ever since. This is the mischief that President Jackson did, and this is the mischief that President Hayes means to undo. His task is to cast out Jackson and Jacksonism from the public service, and he has the sympathy and support of all who comprehend the enormous evil which Jackson introduced. Nothing can be more exquisitely absurd than to hear that the President meditates a reform in the Jacksonian way. It was one of Jackson's pretenses that he turned out only those who had been offensively active in politics. But as Adams removed nobody for party reasons, a great many of the office-holders actively supported Jackson. That kind of political activity, however, was not punished by removal. It was those only who were active against him who were displaced. As Swartwout, whom Jackson made Collector of New York, said, "No d—— rascal who made use of his office or its profits for the purpose of keeping Mr. Adams in and General Jackson out of power, is entitled to the least lenity or mercy, save that of hanging." That is pure Jacksonism. To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy. Swartwout and Marcy were faithful teacher and docile disciple. Jackson did not remove because of political activity in general, but for such activity against him. The proof is that when he asked John M'Lean, the Postmaster-General, to remove for political activity, M'Lean replied that he would do so, but that it would operate quite as much against his supporters as against his opponents; upon which Jackson made M'Lean a justice of the Supreme Court, and gave the Postmaster-Generalship to a man who was willing to be his tool in the policy of proscription.

But Jacksonism, we are informed, is very different from Grantism. Jacksonism is merely a clean sweep on party, not on personal, grounds; Grantism is perpetual change for local and factional reasons within the party. It is what Mr. Marcy called plundering your own camp. If this be so, then Grantism is merely a logical and more perfect Jacksonism. The Jackson doctrine was the reward of friends and the punishment of enemies. But the most powerful enemies, as Jackson found, may be within your own party, and the same reason which justifies removal of an opponent if he be without the party, justifies his removal if he be within. The practice itself necessarily produces factions, and the very beginning of the struggle in any individual case, as it was in the first months under Jackson, is the attempt to show that the applicant is a more devoted and zealous friend of the executive appointing power than his competitors. The history of the Jackson epoch in this matter shows conclusively that appointments were determined finally by factional considerations within the party, which, according to Mr. Marcy, is that plundering of your own camp which true reformers will avoid. One of the Jackson politicians, within the first fortnight of Jackson's administration, and before Mr. Van Buren had gone to Washington as Secretary of State, urged upon a friend the necessity of warning Mr. Van Buren "against a set of men [of his own party] who have not it in them to be honest and true to him;" and the inner circle of Jackson politicians in New York were constantly denouncing the "Targee and Bowne" Democratic interest as not to be trusted. In later days the same factional fights were incessantly occurring, and Grantism has done nothing that Jacksonism, or the spoils system, had not done before. Of course the whole system has constantly become worse and worse as the number of offices has increased, and Marcy's monstrous doctrine has been more and more developed and defended, until now a return to the original abuse is recommended as a reform! But return to an earlier stage of the disease is not cure. This kind of evil spirit goeth not out in that manner. So long as the ministerial civil service is political, that is, so long as appointments are determined by political considerations, they will necessarily and inevitably supersede all others, and it will be found impossible to prevent office-holding control of politics. If those considerations are allowed to determine appointments, they will determine as they do now, and according to their nature, and as they always have determined, from Jackson to Grant.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

Well-informed Englishmen differ widely as to the probability that England will be drawn into the war. We mentioned the other day an opinion that England would not fight unless Russia attacked the Suez Canal. An equally intelligent friend now writes: "I can not help thinking we shall have to fight Russia before the row in the East is over." The suspicion of Russia is very deep and very strong in the English mind, and "English interests" is such an elastic term that, as Lord Salisbury amusingly said, there are those who evidently think that the taking of Ardahan threatens the Cape of Good Hope. This suspicion has always insisted that sooner or later Russia would unmask her real game, and that then England would be taken at great disadvantage. The secret of the suspicion is, of course, that the protection of Bulgarian Christians is a very small Russian pretense, and that the real object is an advance upon the Mediterranean—an advance which must sooner or later bring Russia and England into collision. The assurances of the Emperor and of the Grand Duke Nicholas, that Constantinople is not the object, do not allay British suspicion. It feels that great nations are not philanthropic, and that the objects of the war are really Russian, and not Christian or Bulgarian.

That the war is not exclusively religious or humane, may be safely assumed. But motives are usually mixed. Without the pretense of Christian oppression by the Turks, Russia could not have moved a step without a peremptory challenge from Europe: and the fact that she is now actually across the Danube, marching toward the Balkans, and advancing in Armenia, without protest or opposition from Europe, shows conclusively that the "pretense" of Christian protection was felt to be a great deal more than mere pretense. In other words, the Bulgarian massacres had aroused the indignation of Europe, which was willing to see the Turks punished, and some kind of guarantee secured for their future good behavior. This feeling was naturally strongest in England, because it is a country always sensitive to the appeals of humanity, and because its indignation found a powerful and eloquent voice in Gladstone. Humanity, religious feeling, the nobler sentiments, all seemed to be on one side, and on the other merely the maintenance of Turkish despotism in Europe as a necessity of "British interests." British interests, therefore, seemed somehow to require or to tolerate Bulgarian massacres.

This was, of course, an intolerable position, and hence the Congress of Constantinople to devise a method both of repressing persecution and of maintaining the *statu quo*. All efforts failed, and Russia declared war without protest. Nothing has happened since except the events of the war. Prince Gortchakoff recently said that a decisive battle in Bulgaria would complete the Russian task in a very short time; but if the Turks withdraw into the Balkans, the Russians must, of course, follow, and the war be prolonged. Russia we assume to be much too wary to furnish England with any other pretext for interference than military success; and Gortchakoff says in an unanswerable way that during the prosecution of the war Russia would naturally decline intervention, while at its close the other European states would have an opportunity of protecting their interests. Having punished Turkey for Christian oppression, Russia would invite Europe to consider what dispositions were necessary to prevent future punishment. Thus England can intervene in the war only upon the ground that Russia is pushing her military success too far. But this, so long as Turkey still holds out, would be merely to take the part of Turkey against Russia—a position which would not unite England. We see no reason, except in the vague suspicion we have mentioned, to suppose that England will soon engage in the war.

THE LOUISIANA PROSECUTION.

The action against the members of the Returning Board in Louisiana is called by some papers a "betrayal of the President" and a violation of an understanding. But as the President made no bargain, he can not in that sense be betrayed. Undoubtedly Governor Nicholls in Louisiana and Governor Hampton in South Carolina openly declared themselves heartily in favor of promoting the welfare of their States by peace and order and respect for the rights of all. There is no doubt that they meant what they said, and that they intend to use to that end all the influence they can command. But they can express only their own purposes and those of their immediate friends. Neither of them can dictate or control or pledge the entire action of their party. And it is no secret that the Democratic party in the Southern States is composed of two elements—the reasonable and the irreconcilable. During the campaign of last year the Republicans did not recognize such a division. They assumed that Democratic opinion in those States was wholly irreconcilable, just as the general Southern judgment of the Republican party was that it was wholly vindictive. The result was that the Republican argument in the campaign sincerely assumed and declared that "the South" was altogether untrustworthy. But the events of the last session revealed the mutual mistake. The better Southern Democrats and the Northern Republicans united upon the Electoral Bill, and have honorably maintained the settlement. The Southerners have seen in the Republican support of the Administration, as Senator Bayard saw at Harvard, that an immense body of Republicans are, in the truest sense, friendly to the Southern States; and the Northerners have seen that among the Southern Democrats there are truly patriotic Americans. This is one of the happiest events of the year.

But it is not the result of any bargain. Undoubtedly there were Southern members of Congress who asked the personal friends of Mr. Hayes whether, should he become President, his course would be in harmony with his declarations as a candidate; and doubtless, knowing him well, those friends said, as the event has proved, that there could be no question of it. But the important fact to remember is that had Mr. Hayes been elected by an incontestable and overwhelming electoral majority, his course in the Southern States would have been precisely what it is. Governor Chamberlain elaborately argued at Woodstock the question of the President's constitutional duty under the circumstances, and if the President's own view had been that of the ex-Governor, his course would have been such as Mr. Chamberlain would have pursued. But his view of his duty was very different, and he acted accordingly. It was not a view dependent upon any understanding, nor was it a condition of his elevation to the Presidency. It was his judgment of his duty under the Constitution and the demands of just and wise statesmanship. Consequently, the prosecution of the Returning Board is not a violation of any agreement or understanding. It merely shows, what no intelligent man like the President has ever doubted, that the irreconcilable element is very powerful in the Southern States. But that fact can not affect his constitutional duty, which would have been the same whether Governors Nicholls and Hampton had shown a peaceful and friendly disposition or not. It is an error of the same kind to suppose that the expectation of a summary division of the Democratic party in the Southern States was one of the reasons for the President's view of his duty. That a constitutional, just, and generous policy would tend to heal party bitterness, is plain; but the duty was imperative, and would have been performed with or without such a prospect; and it could hardly have been expected by any intelligent political observer that the President's course would at once disintegrate the Democratic party in any Southern State, or that he would be sorely disappointed if it did not. What he has done has been done because he believes it to be right, and nothing has occurred, including the prosecution of the Returning Board, that was not very possible or probable.

The result of that prosecution can in no degree whatever affect the President's title or position, and the action against the board will have no weight whatever as a judicial investigation. It is a mere political movement, and it is perfectly understood. A judgment against the board as fraudulent, which is, of course, to be expected, would not affect public opinion in the least, because the public mind was long since made up. The title of the President is as perfect as that of any President could be, for it is founded upon a law which has been implicitly obeyed. The actual honesty of the election or of the returns at the polls was not the question before the Commission. If it had been, there would have been little possibility of ever ascertaining the proper result. The Commission acted indisputably in strict accordance with the law that constituted it, and the charge of mere party spirit lies as heavily against the seven as the eight. A judgment against the Returning Board would merely affirm the familiar condition of affairs during the last winter, which made the Commission indispensable as the alternative of civil war. But it would morally settle nothing, because it would not be accepted as just. It would be serviceable in one way, however; for, as a partisan attempt to prolong a difficulty which has been finally and lawfully adjusted, it would deepen the lines of division between the honorable and patriotic men in the Southern Democratic party and the irreconcilables, and thus open the way to a still better mutual understanding between good citizens of all parties and sections. That, indeed, is the tendency of the Administration of President Hayes, and that is its glory. It appeals not to mere party spirit or sectional rancor, but to the sincere faith of all patriotic Americans in the practicability of a common understanding and co-operation even after so long and radical a difference. The more plainly this is seen, the stronger will the Administration and the greater the American principle appear.

SECTIONAL POLITICS.

Mr. Blaine's speech at Woodstock, so far as it was an attack upon the Administration, was pointless, because the Administration does not propose Mexican annexation. If it was Mr. Blaine's purpose to prove the Administration in fault in the matter, he should have shown that redress for the frontier wrongs complained of was practicable in some surer and better way. The argument of his speech was really this: The South is essentially hostile to the Union, and it is already very powerful and united. It hopes and means to increase its force by annexation; and when it has thus acquired absolute control of the Union, it will use the power for its own purposes, or dissolve the Union, as shall seem most desirable. The South is, therefore, the national danger, and any Administration which favors it, must be suspected by the North. Part of the Southern plan being annexation, any action looking to possible hostilities with our Mexican neighbor necessarily favors the South, because acquisition of territory would naturally follow such hostilities. This Administration, by its order to General Ord, has taken such a step, and is therefore, in so far, pursuing a dangerous policy, and should be condemned.

This is an attack by indirection; but if "the North" should still be deeply distrustful of "the South," and should be persuaded that, through ignorance or weakness or design, the Administration was favoring it in an offensive and perilous sense, it would discard the Administration. Now, either as a masked attack upon the Administration or as an appeal to purely sectional politics, such a speech—and our readers will judge from the report of it whether we misinterpret it—seems to us unpatriotic, unjust, and unwise. It is not necessary for an opponent of the Administration to infer a possible and future policy which it disclaims, and which the character of the President disowns, because there are three plain points upon which it may be opposed—the cabinet, the Southern policy, and the reform of the civil service. Mr. Chamberlain attacked openly and fairly the Southern question, but Mr. Blaine was at the pains to invent a grievance, and, in denouncing it, to appeal to sectional jealousy. That does not seem to us to be the most pressing duty of a patriot and statesman at this time. It is true that there is now, and that there has been from the beginning of the national Union, sectional feeling, and that every intelligent citizen bears it in mind. It is true that there have been sectional designs. But it is equally true that the great actual reason for sectional hostility has now disappeared, and that there was never so promising a moment for cultivating a better feeling between the sections than this. To assume that this can be done only by a base and pusillanimous surrender of principle, is to assume that a sincere Union is impossible, and to go far to justify secession. It is virtually to hold that patriotism in the South is extinct, and that it is useless to seek any alliance between the characteristic forces of the two parts of the country.

We believe, on the contrary, that now for the first time the Union is free from the actual root of sectional division. Of course there are traditions and feelings and habits that imbitter the relation. There are wrongs and crimes, and ignorance and prejudice. There are purposes and plans inimical to peace. But chief among sectional mischiefs is the spirit that fosters discord and declines to see or to promote the condition and influences of closer union. The power of the general government is as great as it has ever been. Its authority in the States is unchanged, and the Executive has given no reason to suppose that it will not be used to the utmost to protect every right and every person under the Constitution. To say that it is bound to supersede the State authority when in its own judgment the State authority fails in its duty, is to lay down a doctrine against which every true American instinctively protests. If it be true, as some one is reported to have said, that while the North forgives the South, the South does not and will not forgive the North, although the situation would then be most unfortunate, the constitutional relations of the Union and its members would not be changed. Whatever may be true of this mutual feeling, however, nothing is more to be suspected and opposed than politics founded upon mere sectional jealousy, and no patriotic duty is plainer than that of cultivating by every honorable means "a more perfect union." As we say elsewhere, in speaking of the prosecution of the Returning Board, there is undoubtedly a powerful malignant element in the Southern States, and the more powerful it appears to be, the more bitter and intense the sectional feeling of the Northern States will become. Not unmindful of this, it is yet the duty of the intelligent North to attract and not to repel the alliance of the intelligent South. That is a policy hitherto impossible, which is worth trying.

THE NATURAL NURSES OF REFORM.

A leading politician in New York, who holds an important position in the party organization, and who is also a civil officer of the government, confirmed by the Senate, is reported to have said that he shall not resign either of his posts, and that he does not recognize the right of the President to interfere with his performance of his political duties as a citizen so long as it does not interfere with his fidelity as a public officer. This report is probably correct, and it raises the question at once how the President could enforce the policy indicated in his letter. The answer to this question shows the necessity of a hearty support of his course by all who approve it, in order that there may be a public opinion which can be felt in Congress. In the case supposed, the President would probably draw the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury to the flagrant disregard of his intimation. The Secretary would request the resignation by the officer of his political position. If he declined, the Secretary would ask the resignation of his official position. If he still declined, as in the case supposed, the President would suspend him. When Congress met, the President would nominate to the Senate a successor. The Senate, under its custom of "courtesy," would ask the senior Senator from New York if he wished the nomination to be confirmed, and if he did not, according to the practice of the Senate, it would be rejected, and the President would be balked.

Under the circumstances, this would be the result undoubtedly if the Republican majority in the Senate were large. The fact that it is so small makes the action more doubtful, because it may be assumed that some members, like Senators Christiancy and Booth, and perhaps others, would sustain the President, and the Democrats would vote with them in order to widen the Republican breach. The situation then would be that the President would have been supported by his party opponents against his party friends, and his practical desertion of his own party would be declared to be complete.

This little statement shows that the President, as we have often explained, has but a limited power in carrying out his purposes, and it shows also the necessity of impressing upon Congress that his course is really approved by the country. He can, of course, do a great deal, and under existing laws a President who was opposed to the reform could thwart it altogether. The good fortune of the country is that there is a President who is honestly desirous of reform, and who, without hesitation, renounces the power that the abuse gives him.

The report which is the text of this article shows also that the reform, as we have constantly urged, must be intrusted to its friends, and not to its enemies. How could an officer who held the views and who took the course of the one of whom we have spoken, who declines to follow the President's suggestion, honestly carry out the policy of destroying the office-holding control of politics? We observe the remark in some quarters that it is folly to insist that Collector Simmons, for instance, in Boston, should be removed. But why? An Administration which sincerely wished the spoils system to be maintained, would certainly not appoint or continue as Collector of Boston a man who despised the system, and for the reason that it would know that he would disregard it. The argument is no less forcible the other way, as the case of the New York officer shows. The removal of the chiefs of the New York Custom-house, as of Collector Simmons, would cast no reproach upon them. The Administration would merely say to them that as it proposed a new system of appointments, founded upon a view of the public service which they did not hold, they would, of course, expect to give way to those who cordially approved the change. Then, with chiefs thoroughly in accord with the Executive, the reality of the change would be felt by the country, and the entire body of subordinates would understand that it was not a sham. It is evident that, with its necessarily limited power, the Executive can not dispense with any proper advantage. It owes to itself and to the cause the unhesitating use of all its opportunities; and while it can not be expected to remove all officers who hold under the system that it means to change, nothing less can be expected than that, at the conspicuous points and in the more notorious cases, its action shall necessarily show its purpose. Reform of the kind contemplated is especially a child not to be put out to its enemies to nurse.

We have never heard any kind of aspersion upon the character of the gentlemen at the head of the Custom-house in New York. But they are all accomplished politicians; they honestly believe in the political management of that institution; they think the separation of the public service and of party politics a mere chimera, which, if seriously attempted, will gravely injure the party, and they probably regard the present Administration as a well-meaning but impracticable and foolish affair, which will blow over in four years, during which term they must prevent its doing any more harm than is inevitable. So long, therefore, as they remain at the head of the Custom-house, it will be difficult to expect any actual reform. Meanwhile the persistent doubt and the constant failure and evasion will necessarily deeply discredit the reform itself, and the purpose of the Administration, which we know to be fixed and firm.

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant Henry Flipper, recently appointed to the Tenth United States Cavalry, was born the property of Rev. H. H. Leckey, a Methodist minister of Thomasville, Georgia. His father was the slave of E. G. Ponder, who afterward bought Henry and his mother, and moved with them to Atlanta. Mr. Ponder also owned John F. Quarles, recently appointed consul to Malaga, Spain. Young Quarles had the rudiments of an education, and first taught Flipper. Afterward he was taught by the wife of an ex-Confederate officer, and subsequently at a public school, and the Atlanta University, until appointed to West Point. We learn from an officer who has the best possible means of knowing, that Lieutenant Flipper has not only excellent abilities, strong common-sense, a cool head, and perfect self-control, but has that resolute will and steady persistence that are sure to win for him still higher honors than those he has already achieved.

—Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, though ninety-four years old, is not too old, he thinks, to take an active interest in public affairs. He was a member of Congress from Massachusetts from 1845 to 1849, and was a Presidential elector in 1864. The old gentleman is in good trim, mentally and physically.

—The Rev. John Wise, of Little Rock, Arkansas, expresses a sentiment that he maintains should be more generally acquiesced in and acted upon than it seems to be in that region, viz., "It is not loud praying that counts with the Lord, so much as giving four full quarts to the gallon."

—The dinner given to General Grant at the Reform Club, London, cost each guest $19 37, which, at a club, is something extraordinary. The same sort of thing—probably much better—can be had at Delmonico's for less money.

—The contest over the estate of Madame Jumel, which has occupied the courts for so many years, was brought to its final termination a few days ago in the United States Supreme Court at Washington. The court decides that the contestants have no case, and enjoins them forever from again troubling the present possessor, Mr. Nelson Chase. The property is estimated to be worth from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000.

—Admiral Hobart Pasha, of the Turkish navy, was a blockade-runner during our unpleasantness. He sailed under the name of Captain Roberts, and is a son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and tells this story: After the war he met Admiral Farragut in London. The conversation turned upon the war and the blockade of the Southern ports. Farragut remarked that he had had great trouble with one English blockade-runner named Roberts, and that he had always regretted his inability to overhaul him. When assured that Captain Roberts and Captain Hobart were one and the same person, the old fellow was very much amused. "He assured me," said Hobart, "that if he had been in my place, he would have done the same thing. To me it was quite an experience in naval skill. In addition to making about £1000 on each venture, I learned that no coast of any size could be successfully blockaded. It is impossible."

—The Pope is as jocular as ever. Fifty years of authority have not deadened his enjoyment of his little joke. How he must have reveled in them before he succeeded to the chair of St. Peter! To a German princess, who is immensely rich, his Holiness was complaining recently that out of so many splendid offerings, none of the donors had guessed the gift which would have been most acceptable to him. The princess was, of course, anxious to supply the deficiency, but she was obliged to renounce her intention when his Holiness smilingly informed her that what he most wanted was a pair of new legs.

—The late Duke of Brunswick, who bequeathed his immense fortune to the city of Geneva, is to be honored by the erection of a mausoleum which will be without an equal in Europe.

—The coming representative of the Astor family is Mr. William Waldorf Astor, a young gentleman of twenty-two, son of John Jacob. He possesses the proverbial good sense and executive ability of the family, and is in daily attendance at the office in Prince Street. He studied law with Lord & Day, who for many years have been the family lawyers.

—The July number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the new magazine which has stepped at once into the highest literary position, is remarkable not only for the general ability of its articles, but for the social standing of the contributors, two being members of the House of Lords, and five members of the House of Commons, viz., Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (on "Turkey"), the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (on "The Ridsdale Judgment and its Results"), Mr. Gladstone, M.P. (on "Authority in Matters of Opinion"), Mr. Stansfeld, M.P. (on "Medical Women"), Sir Thomas Bazley, M.P. ("University for Manchester"), Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P. ("Round the World in the Sunbeam," first article), and Mr. Grant Duff, M.P. ("Five Nights' Debate").

—Professor Jowett, master of Baliol College, Oxford, in addition to his well-known scholarship, has won distinction lately as a detective so skillful as to be worthy of high rank as a professional. Thus: A student of Baliol lately lost a parcel of notes. He told the master of his misfortune, who in turn told him to say nothing about it, took the numbers of the notes, and covered the walls of Oxford with posters proclaiming the loss, but giving the wrong numbers of the notes. The thief fell into the snare, offered one of the notes at the bank, was promptly arrested, and all the notes were recovered. The professor had given the right numbers to the teller.

—In the July-August number of the *North American Review*, which seems to have entered upon a new existence under the management of Mr. Thorndike Rice, we find this curious "personal" in Mr. Hazeltine's article on "New Russia:" "When a Russian merchant becomes rich, he builds for himself a sumptuous house, but as you enter the gaudily furnished apartments, you remark a rigid symmetry and an indescribable rawness which unmistakably suggest that these fine things are not for use. The host and his family live down stairs in small, dirty rooms, and if you make a *visite de digestion*, you will probably have some difficulty in gaining admission by the front-door. It is to be noted, however, that the Muscovite trader's love of ostentation is of a unique kind, something entirely distinct from English snobbery or American shoddyism. He may delight in splendid salons, elaborate dinners, and costly furs, or he may display his wealth by lavish donations to benevolent institutions; but in all this he never affects to be other than he is. He wears by preference a costume which plainly defines his social position, makes no effort to adopt fine manners or elegant tastes, and never seeks admission to what in Russia is called society. Having no desire to seem what he is not, he has a plain, unaffected way, and at times a certain quiet dignity, which contrasts favorably with the pretentious mien of many low-grade nobles who lay quite unfounded claims to being highly cultivated. At his great banquets, it is true, the merchant likes to see among his guests as many generals—that is to say, official personages—as possible, but he never dreams of thereby establishing an intimacy with them, or of being invited in return. It is perfectly understood by both parties that nothing of the kind is meant. The trading class recognizes no aristocracy but that of official rank. To them and to all Russians distinctions of birth, as discriminated from rank, are unintelligible. Many a merchant would cheerfully give a hundred rubles for the presence at his board of an 'actual state councilor,' who perhaps never heard of his grandfather, while the same host would not give a kopek for the company of a prince destitute of official status, although the latter might trace his pedigree up to the half-mythical Rurik."

—It seems to be conceded that among the most probable members of Parliament who may become future Premiers of the British government is Mr. Chamberlain, who, having accumulated a fortune in manufactures, is now devoting his fine abilities to public affairs. Just now the most rising member of the House of Commons is Mr. Leonard Courtney, one of the ablest and most scholarly of the leader-writers on the London *Times*. Both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Courtney have distinguished themselves by their advocacy of the Female Suffrage Bill, which seems to be rapidly gaining strength in England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

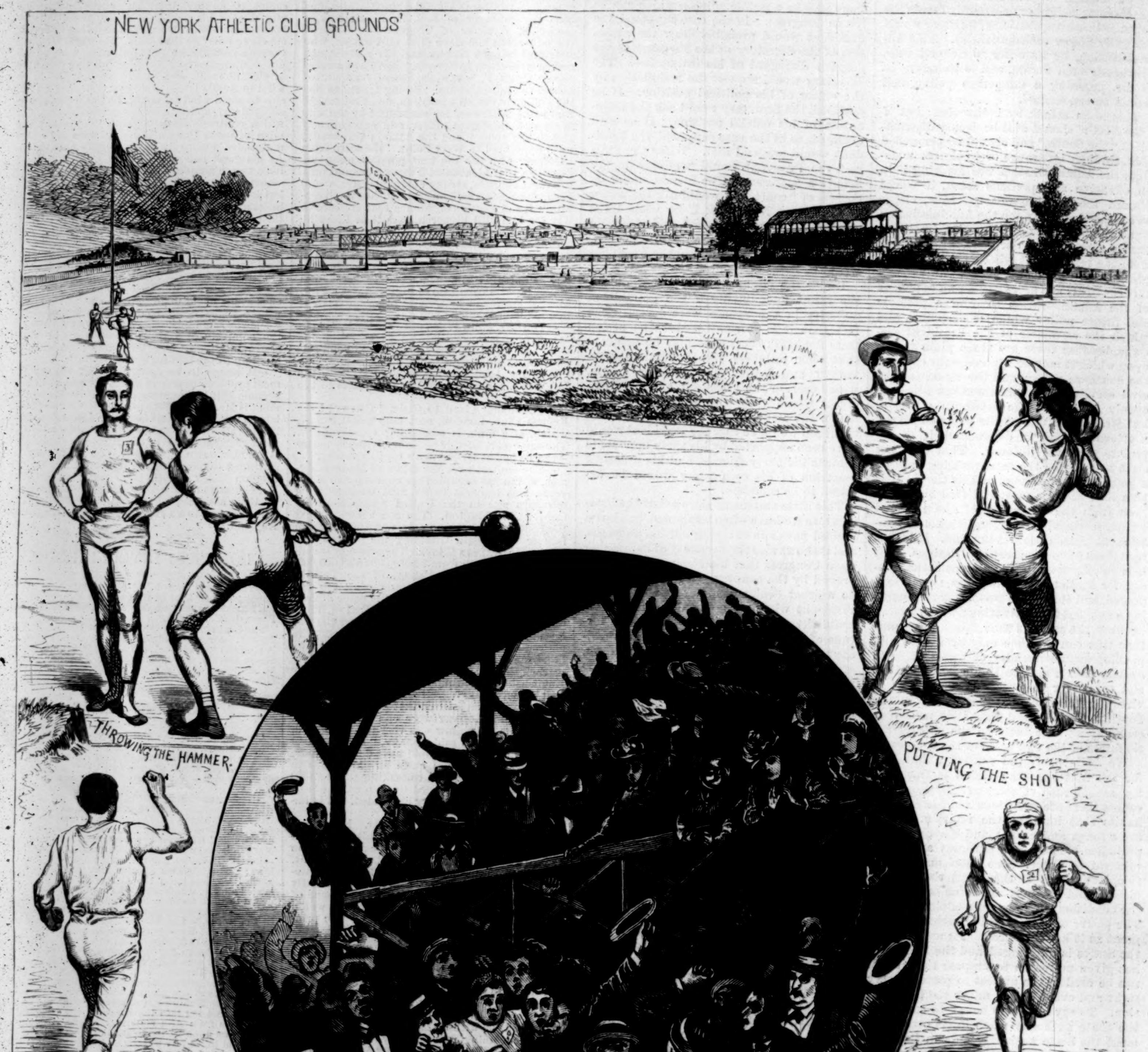
Seven miners were killed and twenty-nine others nearly lost their lives by the gas from a locomotive in the Brookfield Coal Company's mine, near Wheatland, Pennsylvania, July 11.

The Iowa Greenback Convention met at Des Moines, July 11. About one hundred delegates were present. A platform was adopted, and Daniel H. Stubbs, of Jefferson County, was nominated for Governor, and A. H. M'Cready, of Woodbury County, for Lieutenant-Governor.

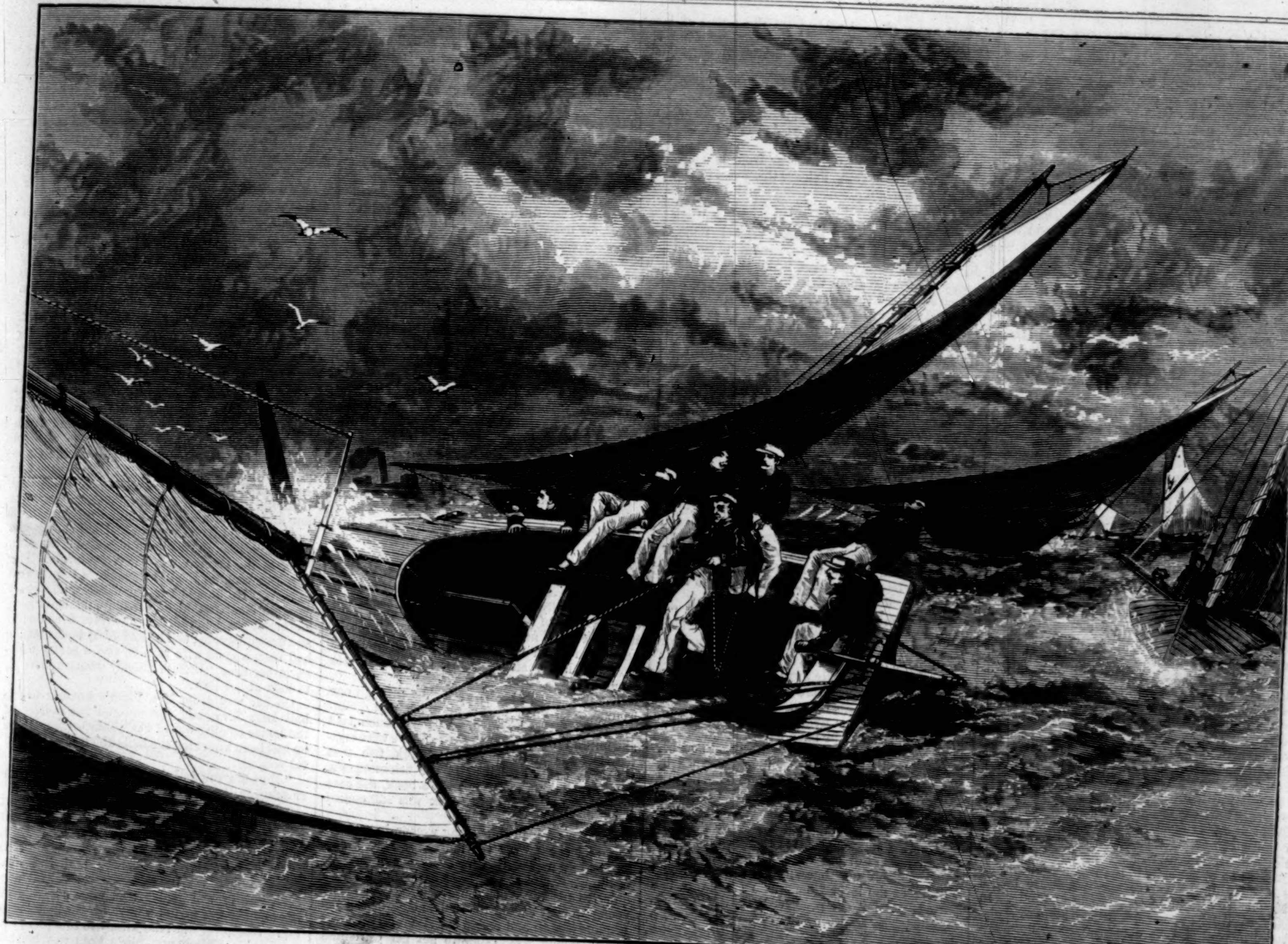
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: Dervish Pasha, telegraphing from Batum, says that on July 4 a regiment of Russian cavalry, supported by infantry, attacked Zabau, and was defeated, with the loss of fifty killed and one hundred wounded.—The Czarowitz reports that on the 7th a body of cavalry, with one battery, surprised Tirnova, the Bulgarian capital, and captured a Turkish camp, with ammunition and baggage.—An official dispatch from Ismail Pasha, July 6, announces that the Toporak-Kaleh division, after a desperate engagement, pursued a Russian force and drove it over the border, near Messonguedik, which place was occupied by the Turks.—Dervish Pasha telegraphs from Batum, July 7, as follows: "Two Turkish frigates have bombarded and burned Chevketil [on the Caucasian coast]. They landed a force, which defeated the garrison and compelled them to abandon the town. The object of the expedition thus being attained, the frigates re-embarked the troops."—The British iron-clads *Achilles* and *Agincourt* and the sloop of war *Ruby* have been ordered to join the Mediterranean squadron. The British fleet at Besika Bay will number twenty-four vessels, with 150 guns and a crew of over 7000 men.—It is said that the Turks in Bosnia are committing shocking atrocities, murdering inoffensive villagers in several places, and carrying off their heads as trophies.—A Turkish Monitor ran ashore at the mouth of the Danube, and fell into the hands of the Russians.—Telegrams from Asia state that in the Ardanudsct district, on June 28, the Russians pillaged eleven villages, and killed fifty persons on the pretext that they had fought against them.—The Turks, July 11, officially announced that the left wing of the enemy's army had been driven across the Russian frontier, pursued by Ismail Pasha.—General Semeka reports from Odessa that the Turkish fleet began bombarding Eupatoria, a small sea-port in the Crimea, July 10.—There is no doubt that the Turks have given up the defense of the entire line of the Jantra.—Twenty Turkish steamers have arrived at the mouths of the Danube to hamper communication with the troops in the Dobrudscha, and to prevent them from advancing The Russian governor of Tultcha has laid down torpedoes in the estuary. The Russians entered the town of Biela unopposed.—The London *Times* Vienna correspondent says that accounts from Russia admit the complete failure of the campaign in Asia, and declare that it will have to be renewed.—A Russian official dispatch, dated Alexandropol, July 9, virtually admits that the siege of Kars has been raised. It says: "General Melikoff, being apprised of a movement of Mukhtar Pasha's troops toward Kars, in order to place the troops besieging that place in a position to move with greater readiness, suspended the bombardment, sent the siege artillery to Kurukdara and Alexandropol, concentrated the greater part of the cavalry at Khajivali to protect communications, and stationed the infantry at Zaim." The dispatch also admits the retreat of General Tergukassoff, and says the necessity of protecting 3000 Christian families who were fleeing from Alashkert to escape the Kurds and Bashi-Bazouks, who were massacring the populations of whole villages, delayed his movements, and enabled the enemy to harass his rear. After placing the sick, wounded, and fugitives in a place of safety, he went to Igdyr, and, having renewed his supplies there, started in the direction of Bayazid.—A St. Petersburg telegram from Tiflis, July 12, announces that the garrison of Bayazid citadel have been relieved by General Tergukassoff, who completely defeated the Turkish investing force, numbering 30,000, capturing four guns and eighty prisoners. The town of Bayazid is destroyed.—Mukhtar Pasha telegraphs, July 11: "The enemy has raised his camp on the east of Kars, and has retreated. We now occupy the site."—The bombardment of Rustchuk recommenced on the 10th, and the Russians attempted to take the town by assault, but were repulsed after two hours' fighting. Up to the 28th, 700 persons were killed and wounded in the town by the bombardment.

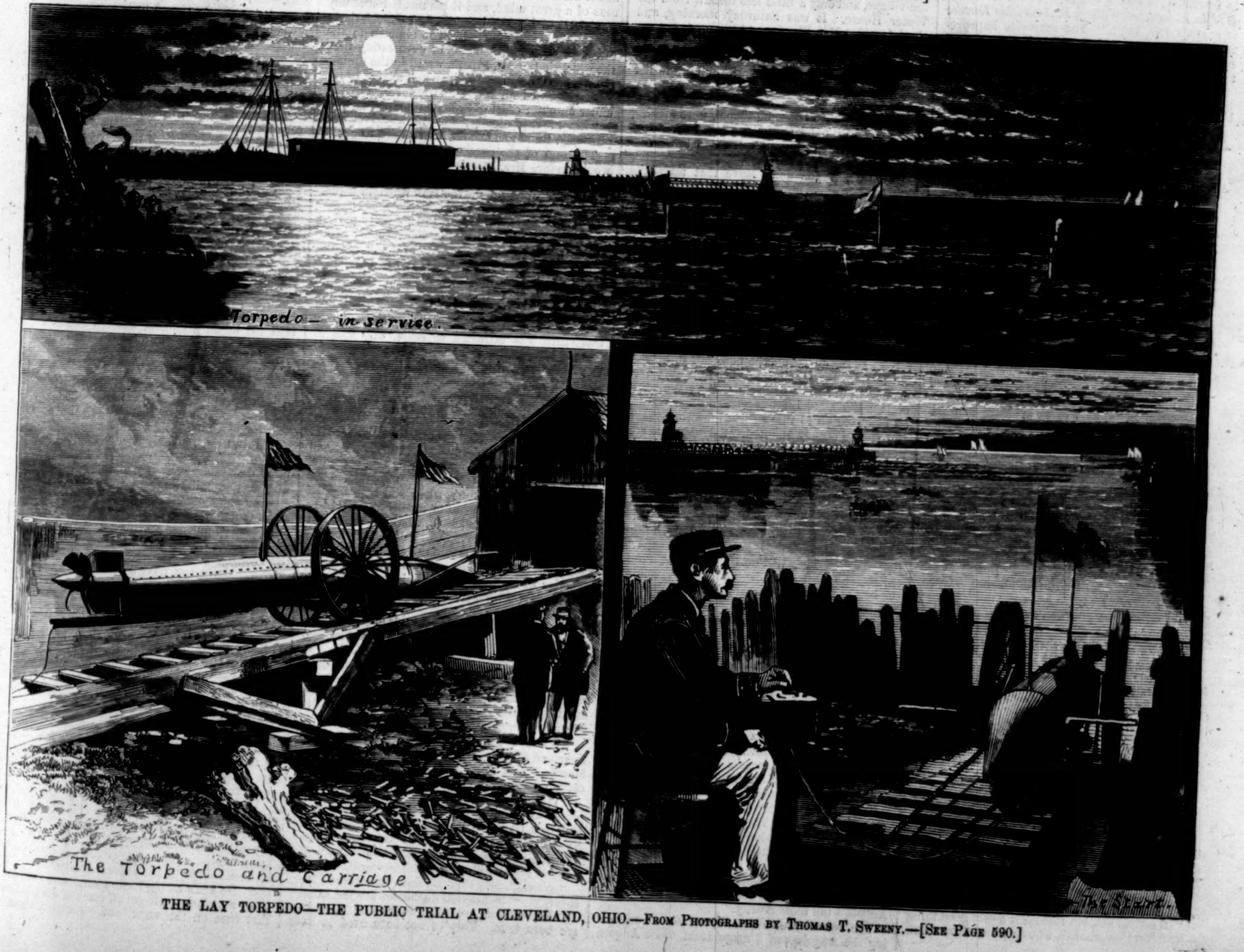
An Orangeman named Thomas Hackett was brutally murdered by a Roman Catholic mob in Montreal on the 12th of July. According to one account, two women were standing on Victoria Square, one with an orange lily in her breast. The other snatched at the lily, and the women commenced to fight. Hackett interfered, and tried to separate them. People gathered around, a fight ensued, and several shots were fired. The man being badly handled, rushed to an adjoining store, where he was followed. Several parties endeavored to protect him, and a further row took place, during which he was shot three times in the temple, killing him instantly. The police then marched down to disperse the crowd. Three other Protestant men and a woman were also wounded by the mob.


NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB GROUNDS
THROWING THE HAMMER.
PUTTING THE SHOT.
THE WALK.
THE RUN
VAE-VICTORIBUS.
LONG JUMP
HURDLE RACE.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETES.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—[See Page 583.]



A HIKER-YACHT RACE ON THE DELAWARE.—Drawn by J. L. Foster.—[See Page 590.]


Torpedo – in service.
The Torpedo and Carriage
The Start.

THE LAY TORPEDO—THE PUBLIC TRIAL AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.—From Photographs by Thomas T. Sweeny.—[See Page 590.]

THE ASTOR REREDOS IN TRINITY CHURCH.

ON our first page will be found an engraving of the altar and reredos recently erected in Trinity Church, to the memory of the late WILLIAM B. ASTOR, by his sons. The altar is over eleven feet in length, and is constructed of pure white statuary marble, with shafts of Lisbon red marble supporting capitals carved after natural foliage, dividing the front and side into panels. In the centre panel, which is covered with passion-flowers, is a Maltese cross in mosaic, set with cameos, a head of our Lord being in the centre, and the symbols of the Evangelists at the extremities of the four arms. This panel is flanked by two kneeling angels, the one in adoration, and the other in prayer. The other panels in front, which are carved with ears of wheat, are also in mosaic, and contain the Pelican and the Agnus Dei, and those at the side the sacred monograms. The white marble slab is set on a cornice composed of grape-vines, and is inlaid with five crosses of red marble. The superaltar is of red Lisbon marble, with the words "Holy, holy, holy" inlaid in mosaics on its face, and its shelf is continued on each side the whole length of the reredos for the reception of flowers at festivals.

The design of the reredos is in the perpendicular style of Gothic, so as to be in keeping with that of the church. It is constructed of this delicately tinted neutral color (if it may be so expressed), Caen stone, elaborately carved, a great deal of the carving being after natural foliage. In the lower portion, on each side of the altar, are three square panels filled with colored mosaics in geometrical patterns. Above the line of the superaltar are seven panels of white marble, sculptured in alto-relievo, representing incidents in the life of our blessed Lord immediately preceding and subsequent to the Last Supper. This is modeled after the celebrated picture by LEONARDO DA VINCI. The reredos is divided into three bays by buttresses, which contain, under canopies on their face, four doctors of the Church. In the centre bay, under a large multifoiled arch, forming a baldachin, is represented the Crucifixion in high relief. On the right of the cross stand Saints JOHN, and MARY the mother of our Lord; St. MARY MAGDALENE, kneeling, embraces the feet which brought such mercy to her; and on the left are the other MARY and the centurion. This subject is supported on an elaborately carved cornice, composed of passion-flowers, and underneath are the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." Ranged on either side, in the two other bays, are statuettes of the twelve apostles, thirty inches high, each with his characteristic attribute. In the centre bay, above the Crucifixion, are sculptured in panels set in diaper-work the Resurrection and the Ascension. Underneath the main cornice of the side bays, and forming part of it, is inscribed, in raised letters, "*To the Glory of God, in Memory of William B. Astor, this Reredos is erected, A.D.* 1877." The extensive improvements and additions to the church, necessitated by the building of the reredos, will add greatly to the comfort of both clergy and choristers.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. PIPER'S TROUBLES.

BEATRIX HAREFIELD'S spirits improved with the society of her friend. She was fond of Bella, and believed in Bella's faithfulness and affection. Her reticence on the subject of Cyril Culverhouse had not arisen from any distrust of her friend, but from a reserve natural in a girl reared in solitude, and with a mind loftily and ardent enough to make first love solemn and sacred as a religion unshared by the multitude.

But when Bella, with every evidence of fondness, entreated to be taken into her friend's confidence, Beatrix was not so stoical as to refuse the comfort of sympathy.

"I know you are hiding something from me, Beatrix," said Bella, as they were walking in the wintry garden on the first morning of her visit. "There is a reason for your father's forbidding your visits to the Vicarage, and a reason for your pale cheeks and haggard eyes and sleepless nights. Why are you afraid to trust me?"

"I am not afraid to trust you. But there are things one does not care to talk about."

"Does not one? What are those things, dear? Do you mean that you don't care to talk about Mr. Culverhouse?"

Beatrix started and flushed crimson.

"How do you know—did any one tell you?"

"My dear Beatrix, I have eyes and ears, and they told me. I have seen you together. I have heard him speak of you."

"And you found out—"

"That you adore each other."

"It is true, Bella. I love him with all my heart and soul—and we are to be married as soon as I am of age."

"With your father's consent?"

"With or without it. That matters very little to me."

"But if you offend him, he may leave his estate to a hospital," suggested Bella, who knew a great deal more about Mr. Harefield's property than Beatrix.

"He may do what he likes with it. Cyril will not marry me for my fortune."

"Of course not, but fortune is a very good thing—and Mr. Culverhouse, who is poor, must think so."

This arrow glanced aside from the armor of Beatrix's faith. No one could have made her believe that her lover had any lurking greed of wealth.

"Then it is all settled," said Bella, cheerfully. "You will be of age in two years, and then you are to be married, whether Mr. Harefield likes or not. I really can't see why you should be unhappy."

"I am not to see Cyril or hear from him for two years. He is going to leave this place in the spring. He might be ill—dying—and I should know nothing till I took up the *Times* some morning and saw the advertisement of his death."

"He is young and strong," replied Bella. "There is nothing less likely than that he should die. I don't think you need make yourself unhappy in advance about that."

Her cold hard tone wounded Beatrix, who had expected more sympathy.

"Don't let us talk about him, Bella," she said.

But Bella was determined to talk about him till she had found out all that there was for her to know. She assumed a more sympathetic tone, and Beatrix was led on to tell of Cyril's interview with her father, and of the letter which her lover wrote to her after that interview.

The clocks struck eleven a few minutes after this confidence was ended.

"And now I must run to the Park and spend an hour with poor Mrs. Piper," said Bella. "I promised to go over every day to make myself useful. She is so wretched about her servants if there is no one to look after them."

"How painful to have servants that require to be looked after!" said Beatrix, who was accustomed to a household that went as if by clock-work, conducted by a butler and housekeeper who were trusted implicitly.

"It is rather dreadful," replied Bella. "I think I would sooner have our maid-of-all-work, with her sooty face and red elbows, than poor Mrs. Piper's staff of smart young women, who study nothing but their own comfort, and come and go as if the Park were a hotel; for our poor Sarah is at least faithful, and would no more think of leaving us than of going to the moon. Good-by, darling; I shall be back before luncheon."

Beatrix went back to her quiet room and her books. Her mind had been much widened by her intercourse with Mr. Dulcimer and his library, and good books were a consolation and delight to her. She had marked out a line of serious study, which she fancied might make her fitter to be Cyril's wife, and was resolved not to be led astray by any flowers of literature. Hard reading was a little difficult sometimes, for her thoughts would wander to the lover from whom cruel fate had parted her; but she persevered bravely, and astonished Miss Scales by the severity of her self-discipline.

Bella tripped briskly across the fields to Little Yafford Park, which was about half a mile from the village, and only a little less distant from the Water House. It was Saturday morning, and she knew that Mrs. Piper would be worried about the weekly bills, which had an unvarying tendency to be heavier than she expected to find them.

Mrs. Piper was propped up with pillows in her easy-chair by the fire, while all the youthful Pipers, including a couple of apple-cheeked ungainly boys from an expensive boarding-school, were making havoc of her handsomely furnished morning-room—a process eminently calculated to shorten the brief remnant of her days.

"Cobbett, if you don't leave that malachite blotting-book alone directly, I'll ring for your pa," exclaimed the invalid, as Bella entered.

Mr. Piper was a man who had read books in his time—not many, perhaps, but he remembered them all the better on that account. He was a man who boasted of thinking for himself, which meant that he asserted second-hand opinions so forcibly as to make them pass for new, and put down other people's arguments with the high hand of a self-conscious capitalist.

He had christened his two elder boys Cobbett and Bentham. The chubby little plague in pinafores was Horne Tooke, the bony boy in knickerbockers was Brougham. The two girls were living memorials of Elizabeth Fry and Mary Wollstonecraft. His ambition was to see these children all educated up to the highest modern standard, and able to occupy an intellectual eminence from which they could look down upon every body else.

"Money and dullness are sometimes supposed to go hand in hand," said Mr. Piper. "I shall take care that my children may be able to exhibit the pleasing spectacle of capital allied with intelligence."

Unhappily the young Pipers did not take to education quite so kindly as their father expected them to do. They had no thirst for the Pierian spring, and instead of drinking deeply, imbibed the sacred waters in reluctant sips, as if the fount had been some nauseous sulphur spring offered to them medicinally. Poor Bella had labored almost hopelessly for the last year to drag Brougham through that slough of despond, Dr. Somebody's first Latin grammar, and had toiled valorously in the vain effort to familiarize Horne Tooke with words of one syllable. Elizabeth Fry, whom her mother designed for greatness in the musical world, had not yet mastered the mysteries of a common chord, or learned the difference between a major and minor scale. Mary Wollstonecraft was a sullen young person of eleven, who put her chappy fingers in her mouth at the least provocation, and stubbornly refused to learn any thing.

"Oh, my dear, I am very glad you have come!" cried Mrs. Piper. "These children are positively maddening. I like to have them with me, because it's a mother's duty, and I hope I shall do my duty to the last hour of my life. But they are very trying. Bentham has spilled the ink on the patchwork table-cover, and Mary has been pulling the Angola's tail most cruelly."

The animal which Mrs. Piper insisted on calling the Angola was a magnificent white Angora cat, and really the handsomest living creature in the Piper household; indeed, the Piper children seemed to have been invented as a foil to the grace and beauty of this feline favorite, to which they were inferior in every attribute, except the gift of speech—a privilege they systematically abused.

Bella examined the injured table-cover, and stroked the offended cat, and then sat down by Mrs. Piper's sofa.

"I dare say the children are tiresome, dear Mrs. Piper," she said, whereupon Bentham secretly put out his tongue at her; "but it must be a comfort to you to see them all in such good health."

"Yes, my dear, it is. But I really think there never were such boisterous children. I'm sure when they were all down with the measles the house was like 'eaven. The way they use the furniture is enough to provoke a saint. I sometimes wish Piper hadn't bought so many 'andsome ornaments for my bood war."

And Mrs. Piper sighed wearily, inwardly lamenting the ten-roomed villa in the broad high-road outside Great Yafford, the best parlor, which no one was allowed to enter, save on special occasions and under most restrictive conditions, and the every-day parlor, in which the shabby old furniture could hardly be the worse for ill usage.

"And now, Bella, we'll go to the books," said Mrs. Piper; "they're something awful this week. There's fine goings on down stairs now that I can't get about."

"The boys being home from school must make a difference," suggested Bella.

"After allowing amply for the boys, the bills are awful. Look at the baker's book, Bella. It will freeze your blood."

Bella looked, and was not actually frozen, though the amount was startling. There seemed to have been a gradually ascending scale of expense from the beginning of Mrs. Piper's illness. That careful housewife's not being able to get about had certainly relaxed the stringent rule of economy by which larder and kitchen had been hitherto regulated.

The tradesmen's books were gone through one by one, Mrs. Piper lamenting much, and doubtful of almost every item. Why so much lard and butter? why so many eggs? There were mysterious birds in the poulterer's book, fish that were not to be explained in the fish-monger's. When they came to the butcher's book, the case became desperate, and the cook was summoned to explain matters.

Cook was a plausible young woman in a smart cap, and she proved too much for Mrs. Piper. She had an explanation for every pound of meat in the book, and her mistress dared not push inquiry to the verge of accusation, lest this smart young woman should take advantage of the impending season and resign her situation then and there, leaving Mrs. Piper to get her Christmas dinner cooked as she might. Piper was particular about his dinner. It was the one sensual weakness of a great mind, and if his meals fell in any way short of his requirements and expectations, his family circle suffered. The simoom in the desert was not more sudden or devastating than the whirlwind of Mr. Piper's wrath in the dining-room when the fish was sodden and sloppy, or the joint presented an interior stratum of rawness under an outer crust of scorched flesh.

"Piper is *so* particular," his wife would remark, piteously, "and good cooks are so hard to get!"

The fact of the case was that no good cook would endure Mrs. Piper's watchfulness and suspicion, and those scathing denunciations which Mr. Piper sent out by the footman when the dishes were not to his liking.

"I might have borne Mrs. Piper's petty prying ways," remarked one of the Park cooks, after giving her mistress warning, "or I might have put up with Mr. Piper's tempers; but I couldn't stand him and her together. That was too much for Christian flesh and blood."

The cook was dismissed, with inward groanings on the part of Mrs. Piper, and the money for the tradesmen was intrusted to Bella, who was to pay the bills on her way through the village, and to make divers complaints and objections which the cook might have objected to deliver.

"I never let a servant pay my bills if I can help," said Mrs. Piper; "it gives them too much power."

And Mrs. Piper gave another sigh to the days of old, when her villa in the Great Yafford Road had been kept as neat as a pin by two servants, and those two servants had been completely under their mistress's thumb; when she herself had given her orders by word of mouth to the tradespeople, and not so much as a half-quartern loaf had come into the house without her knowledge and consent. The transition between the tight economies of mediocre comfort and the larger splendor of unlimited wealth had been a sore trial to Mrs. Piper. The change had come too late in her life. She could not reconcile herself to the expense of her grandeur, although her husband assured her that he was not spending half his income.

"It may be so now, Piper," she replied, dubiously, "but when the children grow up, you'll find yourself spending more money. They'll eat more, and their boots will come dearer. I feel the difference every year."

"When I find myself with less than fifty thousand surplus capital, I shall begin to grumble, Moggie," said Mr. Piper; "but I ain't going to make a poor mouth till then."

"Well, Piper, of course it's nice to live in a big place like this, and to feel one's self looked up to, and that the best of every thing is hardly good enough for us; but still there are times when I feel as if you and me had been sent into the world to keep a pack of extravagant servants."

"We can't help that, my dear," answered Piper, cheerily. "Dukes and duchesses are the same."

"Ah, but then, you see, dukes and duchesses are born to it. They've not been used to have their housekeeping in their own hands, as I have. I suppose it's when I'm a little low that it preys upon me," mused Mrs. Piper, "but I do feel it very trying sometimes. When I think of the butter and lard that are used in this house, it seems to me as if we must come to the work-house. No fortune could be big enough to stand against it."

"Don't be a fool, Moggie," retorted the manufacturer, unmoved by this pathetic suggestion. "When I was in business, I've lost five thousand pounds in a morning by the turn of the market, and I've come home and eaten my dinner and never said a word to you about it. What's your butter and lard against that?"

"Oh, Piper, I wonder you ever lived through it!"

"I wasn't a fool," answered Piper, "and I know that where there's big gains there must be big losses now and again. A man that's afraid to lose a few odd thousands will never come out a millionaire."

Ebenezer Piper had a high opinion of his children's governess. He had heard Bella grinding Latin verbs with Brougham, and admired her tact and patience. He liked to see pretty faces about him, as he acknowledged with a noble candor, and Bella's face seemed to him particularly agreeable. That pink and white prettiness was entirely to his taste—something soft and fresh and peachy, the kind of woman who seemed created to acknowledge and submit to the superiority of man. Mrs. Piper had been a very fair sample of this pink and white order of beauty when the rising manufacturer married her, but time and ill health and a natural fretfulness had destroyed good looks which consisted chiefly of a fine complexion and a plump figure, and the Mrs. Piper of the present was far from lovely. Her Ebenezer was not the less devoted to her on that account. He bought her fine dresses, and every possible combination of ormolu and malachite, mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell, for her boudoir and drawing-room; and he told every body that she had been a good wife to him, and a pretty woman in her time, "though nobody would believe it, to look at her now."

On her way from Mrs. Piper's boudoir to the hall Miss Scratchell encountered the master of the house coming out of the billiard-room, where he had been knocking the balls about in a thoughtful solitude.

"How did you find the missus?" he asked, after saluting Bella with a friendly nod.

"Pretty much the same as usual, Mr. Piper. I'm afraid there is no change for the better. She looks worn and worried."

"She will worry herself when there ain't no call," said Piper. "She's been bothering over those tradesmen's books this morning, I'll warrant, just as she used fifteen years ago when I allowed her five pound a week for the housekeeping. She never did take kindly to this place and a large establishment. She's been wearing her life out about fiddle-faddle ever since we came here—and yet she had set her heart on being a great lady. She's a good little woman, and I'm uncommonly fond of her, but she's narrow-minded. I ain't so blind but what I can see that."

"She is all that is kind and good," said Bella, who had always a large balance of affection at call for any body who was likely to be useful to her.

"So she is," assented Ebenezer, "and you're very fond of her, ain't you? She's fond of you too—thinks you are one of the cleverest girls out. And so you are. You've had a hard job with Brougham's Latin. He don't take to learning as I did. I was a self-taught man, Miss Scratchell. I bought a Latin grammar at a book-stall when I was a factory hand, and used to sit up of a night puzzling over it till I taught myself as much Latin as many a chap knows that's cost his parents no end of money. My education never cost any body any thing except myself—and it cost me about a pound, first and last, for books. I don't know many books, you know, but them I do know I know thoroughly. The Vicar himself couldn't beat me at an argument when it comes to the subjects I'm up in. But I don't pretend to know every thing. I ain't a many-sided man. I couldn't tell you what breed of tomcats was ranked highest in Egypt, or where's the likeliest spot in the sky to look out for a new planet."

"Every body knows that you are very clever," said Bella, safely.

"Well, I hope nobody has ever found me very stupid. But I want my children to know a deal more than me. They must be able to hold their own against all comers. I should like 'em to read off the monuments in Egypt as pat as I can read the newspaper. Like that French fellow we heard so much of when I was a young man—Shampoleon. I suppose he was a natural son of Bonapartey's, and that's what turned his mind to Egypt. Come and have a look at the conservatory, and take home some flowers for your mar."

"You are very kind, Mr. Piper. But I'm rather in a hurry. I am not going home. I am on a visit at the Water House."

"The deuce you are!" exclaimed Mr. Piper. "There's not many visitors there, I take it. You must be uncommon dull."

"Other people might find it dull, perhaps, but I am very happy there. I am very fond of Beatrix Harefield."

"Ah! She's a fine-grown young woman, but she ain't my style. Looks as if there was a spice of the devil in her. Come and have a look at the conservatory. You can take Miss Harefield some flowers."

The conservatory opened out of the hall, to which they had descended by this time. Bella could not refuse to go in and look at Mr. Piper's expensive collection of tropical plants, with long Latin names. His conservatory was an object of interest to him in his present comparatively idle life. He knew all the Latin names, and the habits of all the plants. He cut off some of the blossoms that were on the wane, and presented them to

Bella, talking about himself and his wife and children all the while. She had a hard struggle to get away, for Mr. Piper approved of her just as Dr. Johnson approved of Kitty Clive, as a nice little thing to sit beside one, or, in other words, a good listener.

Bella got back to the Water House in time for luncheon—a meal which the two girls took together in a snug breakfast parlor on the ground-floor. The dining-room was much too large for the possibility of cheerfulness.

"You have hardly eaten any thing, Beatrix," remarked Bella, when they had finished, "and you had only a cup of tea at breakfast-time. No wonder you are ill."

"I dare say if I could sleep better, I should eat more," answered Beatrix, listlessly; "but the nights are so long—when day comes I feel too worn out to be hungry."

"It is all very bad and very foolish," said Bella. "Why should you have these sleepless nights? It can't be grief. You have nothing to grieve about. Your way lies clear before you. It is only a question of time."

"I suppose so," assented Beatrix, "but I can't see myself happy in the future. I can't believe in it. I feel as if all my life was to be spent in this loveless home, my father holding himself aloof from me—Cyril parted from me. How can I be sure that he will always love me—that I shall be the same to him two years hence that I am now? It is a long time."

"A long time to be parted, without even the privilege of writing to each other, certainly," said Bella. "But there is no fear of any change in Mr. Culverhouse's feelings. Think what a splendid match you are for a poor curate."

"Why do you harp upon that string, Bella?" cried Beatrix, angrily. "You know that if I marry Cyril, I shall forfeit my father's fortune. Cyril knows it too. It is a settled thing. I shall go to him penniless."

"Oh no, you won't, dear. Things will never go so far as that. Your father will get reconciled to the idea of your marrying Mr. Culverhouse. You must both look forward to that."

"We neither of us look forward to it. There is no question of fortune between us. Never speak of such a thing again, Bella, unless you wish to wound me. And now I am going to drive you to Great Yafford to do some shopping. We must buy some Christmas presents for your mamma and brothers and sisters."

"Oh, Beatrix, you are too good!"

Puck, the pony, was one of the finest specimens of his race, a thick-necked, stout-limbed animal, and a splendid goer. He would have dragged his mistress all round England, and never asked for a day's rest. He never was sick nor sorry, as the old coachman said, approvingly, when summing up Puck's qualifications. On the other hand, he had a temper of his own, and if he was offended, he kicked. He would have destroyed a carriage once a week if he had got into bad hands. But he understood Beatrix, and Beatrix understood him, and every thing went smoothly between them.

Great Yafford on a December afternoon was about as ugly a town as one need care to see, but it was busy and prosperous, and seemed to take an honest pride in its ugliness, so stoutly did its Vestry and Corporation oppose any movement in the direction of beauty. There was one street of ample breadth and length, intersected by a great many narrow streets. There was a grimy-looking canal, along which still grimier coal barges crept stealthily under the dull gray sky. There were great piles of building devoted to the purposes of commerce; factories, warehouses, stores, gas-works, oil-works, soap-works, bone-works—all vying with one another in hideousness and in the production of obnoxious odors.

Ugly as Great Yafford was, however, there was nothing Bella Scratchell enjoyed so much as a visit to Tower Gate—the broad street above named—and a leisurely contemplation of the well-furnished shop windows, where the fashions—as that morning received from Paris—were to be seen at will even by the penniless gazer. Banbury & Banbury's, the chief drapers, afforded Bella as much delight as a lover of pictures derives from a noble gallery. She would have seen the Venus of Milo for the first time with less excitement than she felt on beholding "our latest novelties in Paris mantles," or "our large importation in silks from the great Lyons houses."

"Drive slowly, please, Beatrix," said Bella, as they entered Tower Gate. "I should like to have a look at Banbury's, though it can't make any difference to me, as I have bought my winter things."

"You can look as long as you like, Bella. I am going in to buy some gloves and a few little things. Perhaps you would like to go in with me?"

"I should very much, dear. They have always such lovely things inside."

Puck was given over to the care of the groom, while the two young ladies went into Banbury's. It was a very busy time just now. "Our latest novelties" were being scrutinized and pulled about by an eager throng of buyers, and the patience of the Banburys' young men was tried to the verge of martyrdom by ladies who hadn't quite made up their minds what they wanted, or whether they wanted any thing at all. An ordinary individual would have had ample time to study the humors of Banbury's before being served, but Miss Harefield was known as an excellent customer, and the shop-walker was in a fever till he had found a young man to attend upon her. He was a pale young man, in whose face all the color had run into pimples, and he had a wild and worried look, which was not unnatural in a youth whose mind had been tortured by all kinds of fanciful objections to and criticisms upon Banbury's stock, from nine o'clock that morning, and who had run to and fro over the face of Banbury's, like a new Orestes driven by the Furies, in search of articles that never answered the requirements of his customers, proving always just a little too dear or too common, too thick or too thin, too dark or too light, too silky or too woolly, for the fair buyer. To this tormented youth Beatrix seemed an angel of light, so easily was she pleased, so quickly did she decide upon her purchases. She bought a dozen pairs of gloves, a pile of ribbons, laces, and other trifles, in the time that an elderly female in black a little lower down the counter devoted to the thrilling question of which particular piece out of a pile of lavender printed stuff would best survive the ordeal of the wash-tub.

"What is your sister Clementina's size?" inquired Beatrix, looking over a box of gloves.

"Oh, Beatrix, you mustn't buy any for her," whispered Bella.

"Yes, I must. And you must tell me her number."

"Six and three-quarters."

"The same as yours. I'll take a dozen of the six and three-quarters."

A large Honiton collar and cuffs, after the fashion of the period—a dark age in which rufflings and fichus and all the varieties of modern decorative art were unknown—were chosen for Miss Scales, neck ribbons for the women-servants, warm clothing for certain goodies in the village—a noble parcel altogether. The pale and haggard youth felt that he need not quail before the awful eye of Banbury when the day's takings came to be summed up.

After leaving Banbury's, Miss Harefield drove to a chemist's, and got out alone to make her purchases.

"I couldn't get what I wanted there," she said, and then drove into one of the narrow streets and pulled up at another chemist's.

She went in this way to no less than six chemist's shops, entering each alone, and remaining for about five minutes in each. She had a lot of little dainty sealed white parcels by the time she had finished this round.

"Are you going to set up as a doctor?" Bella asked, laughing.

"I have got what I wanted at last," Beatrix answered, evasively.

"What can you have in all those little parcels?"

"Perfumery—in most of them. And now I am going to the Repository to buy something for your small brothers and sisters."

The Repository was a kind of bazar in Tower Gate, where there was a large selection of useless articles at any price from sixpence to a guinea. Beatrix loaded herself with popular parlor games, Conversation Cards, Royal Geographical Games, and Kings of England—games which no one but a driveling idiot would play more than once without being conscious of a tendency to softening of the brain—for the young Scratchells. She bought a handsome work-basket for the industrious house-mother. She bought scent bottles and thimble cases for the girls, knives and pocket-books for the boys.

"Upon my word, Beatrix, you are too good," exclaimed Bella, when she heard the destination of these objects.

"Do you suppose that money can give me any better pleasure than to make other people happy with it, if I can?" answered Beatrix. "It will never make me happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 29.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 5.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 26.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The death of Dr. **Tholuck**, the Halle professor, removes one of the links which bound American theologians of our time to Germany. So many of our best Christian teachers—**Schaff**, **Smith**, **Prentiss**, **A. A. Hodge**, and others—had been his pupils that he was as near as any foreigner could be one of ourselves. He spoke English in his family life, and was especially hospitable to American and English scholars. Dr. **Tholuck** was born at Breslau in 1799. As was the case with his friends **Olshausen**, **Julius Müller**, and **Rothe**, his religious opinions were settled by the personal influence of a Moravian, Baron von Kottwitz. In 1824 he succeeded **De Wette** as Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Berlin. In 1826 he followed **Knapp** in the chair of theology at Halle—a position which he filled for fifty years. He quickly became a leader in what is known throughout Germany as the revival of evangelical faith. To this revival he contributed much by his preaching, which was earnest and eloquent, and much by his personal intercourse with his students. He was the friend and counselor of his pupils, and entered into the most affectionate social intercourse with them. In linguistic acquirements Dr. **Tholuck** was especially eminent. His knowledge covered a broad field, and if not always complete, was yet so abundant in its resources as to make him one of the freshest and most suggestive of lecturers. His writings interest a reader more by the abundance of their matter than by the logical coherence of their thought.

Like his predecessor, **Knapp**, Dr. **Tholuck** was of feeble constitution, and preserved his health by constant exercise. **Tholuck**'s walks were almost as famous as **Tholuck**'s lectures. Always accompanied by one or two companions, he spent these hours of recreation in impressing his convictions upon the young men of the university. He is best known in this country by his commentaries on the Psalms, the Gospel of John, the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews, and Christ's Sermon on the Mount. At the time of his death he had reached his seventy-eighth year.

The monument to the late P. P. **Bliss** was dedicated in Rome, Pennsylvania, July 10. It stands in the cemetery of that town. Messrs. **Moody**, **Sankey**, **Peltz**, and **Pierson** performed the dedicatory services. A great concourse of people—estimated to number 10,000—attended. The children of Mr. **Bliss**, his mother and sister, and also the family of his wife, were present.

The London *Times* supports with much vigor the recent decision of the British House of Commons against the Sunday opening of the museums of that city. It denies the validity of the plea that the working classes have no other day on which to visit the museums. "It is scarcely too much to say," is the assertion of the *Times*, "that the working classes have more opportunities of visiting such institutions than most other classes above them. By means of a vigorous agitation, they have succeeded in absolutely securing for themselves an idle Saturday after mid-day, and the professional man who can be quite sure of having nothing to do after twelve o'clock on Saturday is a peculiarly fortunate individual. It might be added that large numbers of the working classes do not find it necessary to go to work on Monday morning." The majority in Parliament against the Sunday opening was surprisingly large.

Some very interesting incidents in the proceedings of the Presbyterian Alliance at Edinburgh are reported. At noon on the 4th of July, when the delegates retired to the lunch-room, the anniversary of American independence was celebrated with as much spirit as would have been displayed by a company of Americans. Our national flag ornamented the room. The Earl of Kintore said: "The mother-land no more regrets the Declaration of Independence to-day than a father does his sons reaching their majority. England's mother heart goes forth in gladness over the prosperity of her great son." Chancellor **Crosby**, Dr. **M'Cosh**, and Pastor **Monod**, of Paris, also made speeches. The attendance of delegates at the Alliance reached to the number of several hundred. The next meeting will be held in Philadelphia, September, 1880.

The Southern Presbyterian Assembly has definitively retired from the business of printing and manufacturing books and newspapers. The Executive Committee of Publication has issued proposals for the preparation of its works by contract. The house for the sale of books must be located in Richmond, Virginia. Recent troubles, growing out of the administration of their publishing establishment, have led the Southern Presbyterians to change their policy.

Mr. **Spurgeon**'s ill health has reached such a point that his physicians have forbidden him to make any engagements outside of his regular work as pastor of the Tabernacle. His son, **Thomas Spurgeon**, who is pastor of a mission congregation in London, has sailed to Australia for rest and recuperation.

Fifty thousand signatures have been secured to the petition for the repeal of the "Public Worship Regulation Act." They are the signatures of Churchmen exclusively. The "Church Union" have resolved on resistance to the enforcement of the act.

The Rev. Dr. **Leroy M. Vernon**, superintendent of the American Methodist Missions in Italy, and a very intelligent observer of political events, writes from Rome to the *Christian Advocate* of this city, in relation to the Clerical Abuses Bill which was defeated in the Italian Senate: "More rigorous and extended legislation than that defeated is already devised, and will soon be certainly adopted, the government being resolved to avoid defeat, if need be, by creating several new Senators in harmony with the national aspirations."

The session of the Irish Methodist Conference, which opened at Cork, June 20, was distinguished by the fact that laymen appeared in it for the first time as members. The ministerial Conference met first, and attended to matters purely ministerial; in the mixed Conference which followed, the temporal affairs of the Church were discussed and determined.

Over fifty camp-meetings are announced for the month of August. Some are for the promotion of temperance; others, of Sunday-schools; and still others, of general Christian progress. Among those which will be held at famous summer resorts are "Thousand Island Park," St. Lawrence River, August 1-6; Chautauqua Lake, New York, 4-23; Ocean Grove, New Jersey, 15-25; Sea Grove, Cape May, New Jersey, 16-19. At Chautauqua and Thousand Islands scientific conferences are also announced.

The cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, to be erected by Mrs. A. T. **Stewart** as a memorial of her husband, will be 150 feet in length, and 96 feet wide across the transepts and porches. The spire will be 197 feet high. Below the organ and robing-room a mortuary chapel and crypt will be prepared for the remains of Mr. **Stewart**. The chapel will be 37 feet long and 20 feet wide. The belfry will contain a chime of thirteen bells. The estimated cost of the cathedral is $700,000.

The fourth Council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations met in Philadelphia, July 10. Mr. B. F. **Peixotto**, late United States consul for Roumania, was appointed president. The retiring president, Mr. **Loth**, presented as points of interest a more perfect union of Hebrew congregations, a better observance of the Sabbath, and the migration of the persecuted Jews of Roumania to the United States. The formation of agricultural colonies of Roumanian Jews was suggested. The report of the Union Hebrew College showed an expenditure of $4555 during the year. The proposed union with the Board of Delegates of American Israelites was received with favor. Measures will be taken to effect it.

An analysis of the vote by which Earl **Harrowby**'s amendment to the Duke of Richmond's Burials Bill was adopted, shows that 192 peers, or nearly one-half of the whole House, supported it. Since the withdrawal of the bill, which postpones the whole subject until the next meeting of Parliament, the Liberation Society has met, and resolved: (1) That thanks are due to Earl **Granville** and Lord **Harrowby** for their support of the principle of equality for all religious sects in the parish grave-yards; (2) that they understand the Peers now to accept this principle.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of this country is devoting $50,000 a year to the evangelization of the American Indians. In its mission to the Sioux there are eight American and two native clergymen, twelve American and eighteen native catechists and helpers, and several hundred communicants. A large number of Indians attended a convention at the Yankton Agency, Dakota Territory, June 25, over which Bishop **Hare** presided.

At the recent annual meeting of the English Church Association (Low-Church) Canon **Ryle** read a carefully prepared paper on this question, "What practical course of action should now be taken to give effect to the various judgments on disputed points of ceremony in the Church?" His answers, which were adopted by the Association almost unanimously, were: (1) That the Association should not be dissolved; (2) that its bishops be asked whether they intend to enforce the recent judgments of the courts and Privy Council; (3) that new lawsuits are not expedient; (4) that all attempts to alter the constitution of the court of appeals should be watched; (6) that special action should be taken to inform the public in relation to the recent judgments. The fifth suggestion only, which advised resistance to an increase of the powers of the Houses of Convocation, created a difference of opinion.

COLLEGIATE ATHLETES.

The second annual field meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association took place on Friday, July 6, at Mott Haven, on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club. The weather was charming, and the attendance fair, but not as large as was anticipated. The colors of Yale, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Rutgers, Cornell, Trinity, Brown, Amherst, and Dartmouth were absent, and the burden of the play fell upon the shoulders of Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, and Princeton, and the efforts of their loyal sons carried the meeting to a successful termination. Of the fifteen events set down for decision, four deserve special mention, particularly as three of them were won by the same individual, Mr. **Horace H. Lee** (University of Pennsylvania). The appearance of this gentleman on the cinder path introduced to the lovers of athletic sports in this vicinity a novice of great ability, and one in time, if all goes well with him, who must do much to show what can be well done by American college athletes. In the 100-yard dash **Lee** spurted the distance at a tremendous pace, and won by ten feet in the capital time of 10½ seconds. In the running broad leap **Lee** again showed to advantage, carrying off the prize with the record of 19 feet 7 inches—the best by several inches ever reached in this country.

The quarter-mile race was won by G. M. **Hammond**, of Columbia, in 54 seconds. In the 220-yard race **Lee** was again the victor, making the distance in 23¼ seconds. Our illustrations on page 580 will give our readers a better idea of the character of these sports than any verbal description can convey.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A widow in Baltimore put crape on her door. The crape remained there about a week before the landlord made bold to interrupt her grief, and when he entered, he found nothing there but the house. Her grief was so intense that she had inadvertently removed all the furniture. The debt of nature which had been paid was supposititious. The debt for rent remains uncanceled. And yet they say that women are not calculated for business.

The weather has nothing to do with the heat on a race-course.

British butchers are as mad as hornets over the arrival of American beef, but still their customers continue to remark, "Hi'll take hanother steak hoff that Hamerican hox."

A gentleman in England committed suicide the other day, and left a paper stating that he did so because his wife was a great deal too good for him. That's why the jury returned a verdict recording their opinion that deceased was of "an unsound state of mind."

THE SECRET.

She gayly plucked a rose from out the flowers,
And fastened it with deftness on my breast;
I, stooping, thanked her 'mid the hawthorn bowers—
I may not tell the rest.

My love trilled out an airy, lightsome tune,
Sang sweetly, as her fancy did suggest;
Perhaps I interrupted her too soon—
I may not tell the rest.

She, laughing low, said ne'er a word to me,
But upward held her face to be caressed;
The little birds that chirruped in the tree—
Perchance may tell the rest!

A **Fixture**.—An Irish soldier, being for the first time on guard, was thus accosted by a friend: "What are ye standing there for, Mike?" "Shure they tould me to stand here for a centhury."

When does a man decline his own acquaintance?—When he cuts himself.

Two friends were passing a church one evening, when a strong smell of burning leather pervaded the air. "I wonder if that is the odor of sanctity," said one. "I think it must be," was the quick reply, "for it smells of *soles*."

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is not the wife of his bosom.

A fashionable young lady dropped one of her false eyebrows in a church pew, and badly frightened a young man next to her, who thought it was his mustache.

A Yankee editor, in his financial article, says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

There was quite a company of fashionable guests sitting round the table after dinner, who happened to disagree as to the date of a certain event of which they had been talking, when the host's eight-year-old son attempted to expedite the solution of the problem by suddenly asking, "Why, mamma, what day was it you washed me?"

CATTLE RAID ON THE DANUBE.

Our readers will be interested in the curious scene represented in the accompanying engraving. A party of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, those lawless assistants of the Turk in the present struggle with Russia, have organized a cattle raid on the Roumanian shore opposite Nicopolis. The difficulty has been not to possess themselves of their prey, but to convey it across the river. The oxen are tied with ropes fastened to their horns, or round their heads and necks, to a longer and stouter cable, which is attached to the stern of the boats containing the marauders. Each boat has in tow about fifty animals, which are arranged in pairs along the tow-rope. The poor beasts are driven into the water, and forced to swim a distance of half a mile, or perhaps more, in which they often get entangled by the ropes, and many are drowned. Out of 400, in one instance, only 183 arrived safely at the opposite bank.

The Bashi-Bazouks, who play such an important part in all the warfare carried on by Turkey, are the irregular troops gathered together from among the wild tribes that infest certain portions of the Sultan's dominions. Very few of them, however, are European, the majority coming from the pashalics of Asiatic Turkey. Upon the outbreak of trouble in any part of the empire, orders are sent from Constantinople to the governors of vilayets, or provinces, to supply a certain number of men, and money is sent to them for the purpose. The usual thing then generally takes place: the governors apply to the chiefs of tribes, and between the governors and the chiefs the money is absorbed, and the recruits get little or none. The Bashi-Bazouks furnish some small cavalry contingents, but are, for the most part, badly armed and badly disciplined, and only of use against insurgents, being quite unfit to take part in regular military operations in the open field. Without pay, and allowed rations of bread only, they maintain themselves by plunder, and the result is that they are most accomplished raiders. The understanding between the Bashi-Bazouks and their leaders is generally bad, and frequently they throw off all restraint, and burn and pillage on all sides. During the Crimean war there were 30,000 Bashi-Bazouks in the field, and as they were then under the command of English officers, and subjected to severe discipline, they became in many cases good soldiers, and rendered important service to the cause for which they fought. Naturally, however, they are a wild and turbulent set of men, and suitable only for that kind of irregular warfare which the Russians intrust to their Cossack troops.

The Circassians are perhaps the most important among the irregular troops in the army of the Sultan, on account of the bitter hatred which they bear to Russia. The original home of this people was among the fertile valleys of the Caucasus, where, intrenched behind the natural defenses of their beloved mountains, they bade defiance to the world. Gradually, however, a series of struggles with Russia weakened their power, and in 1864, after centuries of gallant resistance, they were compelled to lay down their arms before their Muscovite enemies. The Russians are notoriously a race that declines to be controlled by conscientious scruples, and they determined to drive the Circassians completely away from their mountain fastnesses. The order was given that they should move, and land was offered them in the low steppes of Russia. The unfortunate tribes, however, were so wedded to their mountain homes that they dared to disobey the commands of their conquerors. Then followed a series of the most atrocious massacres, and finally the Circassians, to the number of 300,000, were driven from their native valleys.

Among the other devices by which these unhappy tribes endeavored to gain a restitution of their rights was an appeal to the sympathy of the English nation, couched in the following terms:

> "Our most humble petition to Her Magnificent Majesty the Queen and Emperor (*sic*) of England is to the effect that:
>
> "It is now more than eighty years since the Russian government is unlawfully striving to subdue and annex to its dominions Circassia, which, since the creation of the world, has been our home and country. It slaughters like sheep the children, helpless women, and old men that fall into its hands. It rolls about their heads with the bayonet like melons; and there is no act of oppression or cruelty which is beyond the pale of civilization and humanity, and which defies description, that it has not committed. We have not, from father to son, at the cost of our lives and property, refrained from opposing the tyrannical acts of the government in defense of our country, which is dearer to us than our lives. But during the last year or two it has taken advantage of a famine, caused by a drought with which the Almighty visited us, as well as by its own ravages; and it has occasioned us great distress by its severe attacks by sea and land. Many are the lives which have been lost in battle, from hunger in the mountains, from destitution on the sea-coast, and from want of skill at sea. We therefore invoke the mediation and precious assistance of the British government and people—the guardian of humanity and the centre of justice—in order to repel the brutal attacks of the Russian government on our country, and save our country and nation together. But if it is not possible to afford this help for the preservation of our country and race, then we pray to be afforded facilities for removing to a place of safety our helpless and miserable children and women, that are perishing by the brutal attacks of the enemy, as well as by the effects of famine. And if neither of these two requests is taken into consideration, and if in our helpless condition we are utterly annihilated, notwithstanding our appeals to the mercy and grace of the governments, the[illegible]e shall no
> to invoke our right in the presenc[illegible]f the Lord
> universe, of Him who has confided [illegible]your Maje
> ereignty, strength, and power for [illegible] purpose
> tecting the weak.
>
> "*April 9, 1864.*"

Nothing, however, was done [illegible]y Engla
the relief of the sufferers; but [illegible]e Turkis
ernment took immediate meas[illegible]s for the
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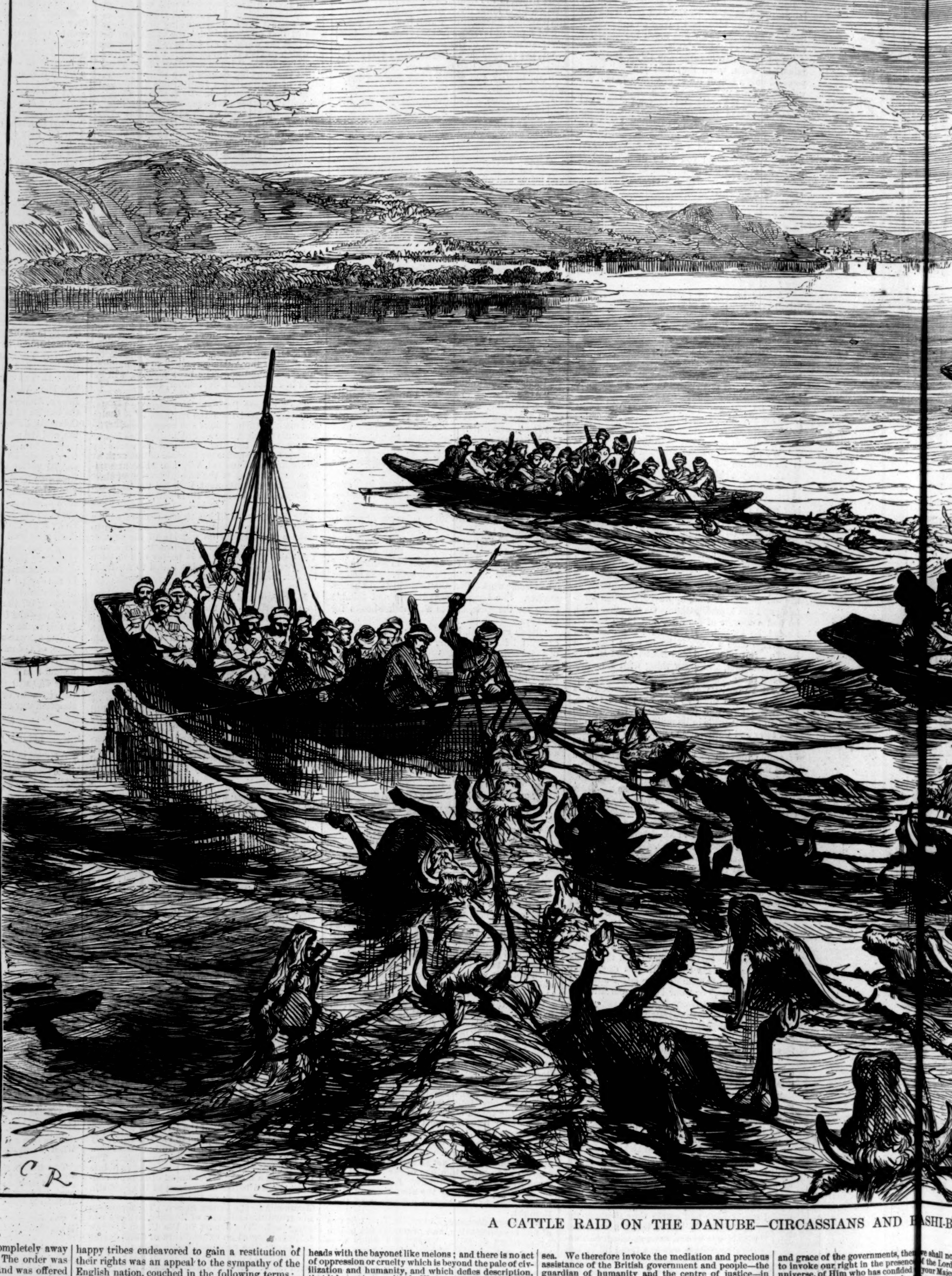
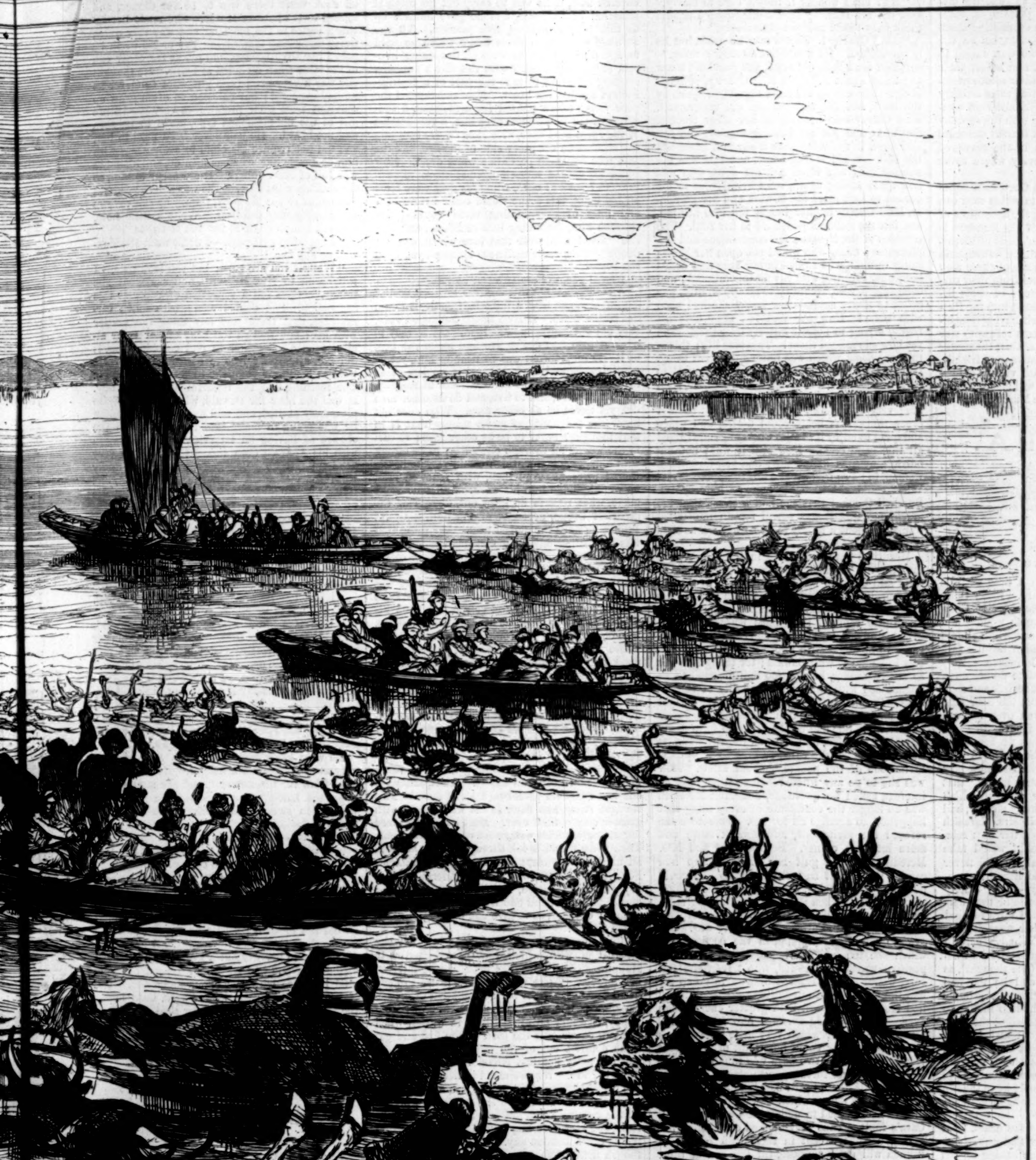


A CATTLE RAID ON THE DANUBE—CIRCASSIANS AND [illegible]ASHI-B



D BASHI-BAZOUKS RETURNING WITH THEIR SPOILS.

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resence f the Lord of the
nfided your Majesty sov-
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done y England for
; but e Turkish gov-
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ation t urkey has gone
ar 18 to the present

day. They have made their way into Turkey in Europe, and are scattered about Roumelia and also north of the Balkans, but their principal location is along the coast of the Black Sea. They have grouped themselves into villages here and there, and dwell in houses built of wattles and mud, with either tile or reed roofs, and which are generally hidden as much as possible from view by the choice of the site and by trees and shrubs. Their dwellings are devoid of furniture, and have a door, an extremely small window in one corner, and a chimney. The Circassians are all of the Mohammedan faith, and the great ambition of the villagers is to establish a mosque in each of their small communities. They cultivate the land, but in a very lazy and careless manner, preferring to supply themselves with the necessaries of life as far as possible by theft. The animating thought of their lives is revenge upon Russia, and war is the one subject upon which they evince any enthusiasm. Colonel **Baker**, in his work upon Turkey, gives the following description of his visit to a Circassian village in Turkey:

"The chief was away, but I was received with great civility by some of the inhabitants, and led to an empty house, which soon became crowded with male villagers, some of them old and dignified men who had seen many a fight against the Russians in their mountain homes of the Caucasus. As soon as I was seated, I saw all eyes turned upon my gun and pistols, and I was politely requested to offer them for inspection. They were both of good workmanship, and the eyes of the men quite glistened with delight as they were handed round, and I saw that I was now regarded with greater respect. They in their turn showed me their weapons, which were all flint and steel locks, but exquisitely worked, and inlaid with silver. They also brought out some chain armor which had been worn by their fathers, and which seemed to be considered almost sacred. My gun was handed back with as much care as a mother would handle her first-born babe. The conversation turned upon the history of their race, but they did not seem to know any thing beyond their grandfathers. Their hate of the Russians was something intense, and I pity any of that nation that may have the misfortune to fall into their hands."

As an irregular soldier, the Circassian has not probably an equal in any country. He is sober, abstemious, inured to fatigue and privation; and when setting out upon an expedition, he rarely burdens himself with any other stock of provisions than a bag of *adjikha* (millet), and a leathern bottle full of *skhou*, a kind of sour milk. With whatever else is necessary he supplies himself on the way. A sheltered nook in a rock serves him as a bed, and his *tchaouka* (mantle) answers all the purposes of a blanket. This garment is superior to any thing in the way of a covering known to the European soldier. At the same time, no invention for the feet surpasses the Circassian's sandals of untanned leather. These enable him to accomplish a long day's march with the least possible inconvenience, or to climb with ease the steep sides of his native mountains.

All the movements of the Circassian warrior are accomplished with marvelous rapidity and a cunning that nothing can surpass. Always accustomed to the serious disadvantage of a scarcity of powder, every effort is made and every danger risked to obtain supplies of this material; and so economical is he of it that he rarely or never wastes a shot. These wild mountaineers have acquired a precision of aim that appears almost marvelous. Their life has been spent in warfare, and constant practice has taught them to bring down an enemy with unerring certainty while riding at full gallop. The Circassians are the most perfect horsemen in the world. Man and beast seem to understand each other, and move and act in perfect harmony. The incredible ease, activity, and address shown by a Circassian and his steed can only be appreciated when seen.

A modern writer, whose study of the Circassians has been made among the wild scenes of their own mountainous country, thus speaks of their wonderful method of carrying on the perpetual warfare that exists between them and their ancient enemies, the Cossacks: "Not only will this modern centaur send a ball to its destination with fearful accuracy, at full gallop, but quick as thought he will fling his body under the belly of his horse to avoid the fire of his adversary, or, placing the poor animal between himself and the expected bullet, he will grasp its mane with one hand, and accompany the well-trained companion of his toils and dangers in its impetuous bounds over the rugged surface of its native mountains, and, when out of danger, again vault into the saddle at the same breathless speed. The reader may therefore picture to himself the resistless impetuosity of a headlong charge of these flying horsemen of the mountains, sweeping like an avalanche on some devoted body of their country's foes beneath them, at the same moment making the heights around re-echo with their fearful war-cry, discharging their carbines with fearful effect on coming to close quarters, while the stout staves of the Cossack lances that oppose their course are severed like reeds by the vigorous and skillfully directed blows of their admirably tempered blades. They will cut their way through an entire battalion, throw a whole column into disorder, and then as suddenly disappear through the yawning portals of some mountain gorge, or beneath the everlasting shadows of their own primeval forests, before the smoke of their last volley or the dust raised in their wild fray has cleared off, and before their panic-stricken foes, in spite of their most strenuous efforts, have been able to bring their artillery to bear on the fierce band, which, although coming upon them and disappearing with the rapidity of a clap of thunder, leave yet a fearful memento of their prowess behind them in the scattered bodies of their enemies that every where cover the ground."

On the side of the Turk the Circassian fights *con amore*, and exhibits a fury to which men can only be aroused when attacking the despoilers of their homes. The experience of the Russians is different. Not long ago fifty car-loads of Circassians in chains passed eastward through Roumania on their way to Siberia. The crime of these men was the abstraction of the bullets from their cartridges during the recent exchange of shots between the river pickets. Impressed into the Russian army through the fact of their having remained on Russian soil, the Circassians refuse to war against their co-religionists and against the power that has given succor to their relatives and friends. It is said that the first important victory gained by the Turks over the Russians will insure the desertion of every Circassian in the Muscovite ranks.

CARITÀ.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

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CHAPTER XL.

TWO—PARTED.

THIS early summer had been a time of little pleasure to any one in the Square. Every thing had seemed to go wrong from the day Miss Cherry went dolefully away, crying with wonder and disappointment to think that her darling should have been so unkind to her, and her brother fallen so completely out of her influence. Very hopefully she had come, prepared to do her duty, and sure at least of Cara's sweet society and comfort; but as she drove away from the door Miss Cherry felt that this society was over forever. She had trusted in "the child" from Cara's earliest days, and now the child shut up her heart, and would not, even after all she had seen with her own eyes, confide in her. She saw now how it was going to be. James would marry "that woman"—which was the bitter name by which gentle Miss Cherry, so full of kindly charity, had been driven by suspicion to call Mrs. Meredith—and Cara would fall away from her own relations, and estrangement and doubt would take the place of affection. Oh, that we had never seen them! Miss Cherry said to herself, meaning the Meredith family generally—that "elderly siren" who had bewitched James, and that harum-scarum son who had persuaded Cara to bind herself to him without telling her nearest relations. For Edward, Miss Cherry had a certain kindness. He had been very kind; he had behaved as young men used to do (she thought), as was becoming and respectful, and he too had been disappointed and wounded by the strange secrecy of the young pair, who had no motive to make them so desirous of concealing their engagement. Why should they conceal it? This was the most provoking, the most exasperating, feature of all; there was no reason for concealment—the parents on either side would have been willing enough—no one would have thrown any obstacles in their way. Why had they made a mystery of it? And James? Miss Cherry went down to the country with a sad heart. But it pained her infinitely to answer those questions which Miss Charity insisted upon having replies to. She could censure them herself in the recesses of her own bosom; but to hear others find fault with them was more than Miss Cherry could bear.

"You see I have got well without you," Miss Charity said. "I hope you have done as well for James and his daughter, Cherry, as nature, without any assistance, has done for me."

"Oh, they are very well, thank you," said Miss Cherry, with a tremor. "Cara has a headache sometimes; but all girls have headaches—and as for James, he is in perfect health."

"I was not thinking of his health. Is all safe about the other matter?"

"You know her husband died," said Miss Cherry, somewhat dreamily.

"What has that to do with it? A woman without a husband has just as much need to be circumspect as a woman with one. What are you insinuating, Cherry? I don't understand you to-day?"

"Why should I insinuate, and what can I say? James was going away, because he could not make up his mind to give up going to her; but now—he means to stay."

"So that is it!" said Miss Charity. She was not quite decorous in all her ways, but took the privilege of her age, and often shocked her more scrupulous niece. She uttered a sound which was not unlike a low whistle of mingled astonishment and amusement. "So that is what it is! These men with broken hearts are *incroyable*, Cherry. And will she have him, I wonder?"

"Have him?" Miss Cherry echoed, with something which from her gentle lips was like scorn. She was oversevere in this case as naturally as in other cases she was overcharitable. "She had not seen her husband for I don't know how many years; there can not be any very great grief on his account. And James goes there—every night."

"Ah! but I wonder if they'll care to marry," said the old lady. "That's different; I should think they would prefer not to marry."

"Aunt Charity! James may be weak, but he is not wicked. He would not do such a thing."

"You are a little old maid, and you don't know any thing about it," cried Miss Charity, peremptorily. She was an old maid herself, to speak by the book, but she thought she did understand. Miss Cherry said nothing of her other trouble. She went and got her knitting meekly, and settled down in the old way as if she had never left the Hill. Well! it was home, and this was her natural life; but when her old aunt, who was now quite strong again, went briskly out to the garden to look after the flowers and her gardener, Miss Cherry let her hands fall into her lap, and felt the stillness penetrate to her soul. The troubles of the Square; the commotions and displeasures; Cara, who would not open her heart; saucy Oswald, who smiled in her face and defied her; poor Edward, with his disappointment; and even James, who, according to all appearance, was going to marry again—how angry she had been with them! How she had felt their different faults, crying to herself bitterly over them—and yet how she missed them! That was life; this—this was *home*, which was quite a different thing. It was very wicked of her, very ungrateful to God, who had given her such a lovely house, such a good, kind aunt, nobody to trouble or disturb her; very ungrateful, very wicked. Had she not every thing that heart could desire, and peace and quiet to enjoy it? Miss Cherry acknowledged all this—and cried. How still it was! nothing moving, nothing happening; and yet, ungrateful woman, to be so well off and not to appreciate it! What could she wish for more? Indeed, Mrs. Burchell thought that she had a great deal too much, and that it was sinful for an unmarried woman without a family to be so well off as Miss Cherry was.

Meantime Cara, left alone in the Square, fell into all the melancholy of her beginning. Oswald still came to see her from time to time in the morning, confiding to her all the steps of his progress, and receiving sometimes her sympathy, sometimes reproof, sometimes what they both called "advice." Though she had very good cause to be angry with him, yet it was very difficult to be angry with Oswald; for though he was so self-regarding, he was too light-hearted to be stigmatized with the harsher quality of selfishness. It came to the same thing often, but yet the name seemed too harsh. And he was Cara's only friend. She had not had time to form many acquaintanceships, and she was too shy to go by herself to return the calls, or even to accept the invitations of the people she did know. How was she to go any where? Her father took no interest, asked no questions, and Mrs. Meredith was no longer the confidante of every thing that happened, to arrange all for her. Therefore she refused the invitations, and shrank more and more into her corner. Between her and Mrs. Meredith a great gulf had risen. Who had caused it or what had caused it, no one could tell; but there it lay, separating them, causing embarrassment when they met, and driving them daily further and further apart. Mrs. Meredith was as angry with Cara as Miss Cherry was. She saw no sense, no meaning, in the concealment which she too believed in; and it had done a positive wrong to Edward, who never, she felt sure, would have permitted himself to go so far had the position been definitely settled. Edward had resumed his work with greater energy than ever. He was going forward now for his final examination, after which very little interval was left. His mother could not think of it without tears. One of her two boys was thus lost to her—the half of her fortune, so to speak, and more than the half, for Edward had gradually assumed all the kindly offices which Oswald had been too much self-occupied to undertake—and it was all Cara's fault. Thus they blamed each other, not saying a word except in their own hearts, as women will do, I suppose, till the end of time. Mrs. Meredith would have allowed, had you pressed her, that Oswald too was wrong; but in her heart she never thought of his fault, only of Cara's. It was Cara who had done it. A little frankness on her part, natural confidence in one who was to be her mother, and who was so willing (Mrs. Meredith said to herself with genuine feeling) to accept that office, and care for the child and her comforts; how much evil might have been avoided had Cara possessed this quality, so winning in young people! Then Oswald would have been drawn closer to, instead of separated, as he now seemed, from, his family; then Edward would have checked himself in time, and his thoughts would have travelled in some other direction. All Cara's fault! With a real ache in her heart at the thought of the mischief done, this was what the elder woman thought. So that, when Cara withdrew, wounded and sad and angry at the position in which she found herself, Mrs. Meredith made no effort to call her from her retirement. She was full of many reflections and questions of her own, and surely it was the part of the children to inform her of every thing, to seek her consent, to conciliate her, not hers to do all this to them.

As for Edward, he went no more to the house in which he had spent so many happy hours. Looking back at them now, how happy they seemed! No cloud seemed to have been on his sky when he sat there, by the light of Cara's lamp, reading to her, seeing her through all his reading, feeling the charm of her presence. In reality they had been full of very mingled pleasure, and often the bitterness involved had overbalanced the sweetness; but he did not remember that, now that they were past—they seemed have been all happiness, a happiness lost forever. He made up for the loss, which seemed to have impoverished his whole life, by work. Fortunately he had lost ground which had to be recovered now, if he was to carry out his original intention about India, and he gave himself up to this with something like passion. All the evening through, in those hours which he used to spend with Cara, he worked, deadening himself, stupefying himself with this like a narcotic, exciting his brain to take the part of a counter-irritant against his heart. Now and then, if the poor young fellow paused for a moment, a sudden softness would steal over him, a recollection of the room next door, with Miss Cherry counting her stitches on the other side of the fire, and the soft rose reflection on Cara's white dress. How could he defend himself against these remembrances? All at once, while his eyes were fixed on his book, this scene would come before him, and lines of exasperating verse would tingle through him, reminding him of Elaine, and how she "loved him, with that love which was her doom." Thus some malicious spirit played upon the boy—

> "I loved you, and my love had no return,
> And therefore my true love has been my death."

No, he thought, with a faint half smile, it would not be his death. If such things happened once, they did not happen now. It was not so easy to die. A man had got to live and make the best of it—to forget what was so near to him, yet so unattainable, and fix his thoughts on law cases instead. This was the modern form of tragedy. To go and work, and to live, and do as other men did, yet never be as other men. Who does not know the poignant yet sweet misery that is in that thought? never to be as other men; to carry the wound all through one's life; to be struck with a delicate arrow which would vibrate in the wound forever! And then, with renewed zeal, he would plunge into his work. What notes he made, what reports he drew out, digests of the dreariest books, accounts of the dullest trials! I think he liked the dullest best. Any thing that was interesting, any thing that had any humanity in it, seemed, by some strange by-path or other, to take him back to Cara. Poor boy! And then, when it suddenly occurred to him that Cara was alone on the other side of the wall, the book would fall out of his hand or the pen from his fingers. She was alone, as he was alone. Oswald, who ought to bear her company, was away somewhere following his own fancies; her aunt was gone, and her father was *here*. Then Edward trembled in mind and in body under the force of the temptation to go to her, to cheer her, whatever might happen to him. He seemed to see her, lonely in a corner. She had not even work to do, as he had, to force her from herself. How the poor boy's heart would beat! But then, if she were his, he knew he would not fear solitude, nor dislike having nothing to do; to think of her would keep him happy. And perhaps if she loved Oswald as Edward loved her— This thought stung him back to his work again with greater energy than ever. Most likely she loved her solitude, which was sweet with recollections. Then there would break through all his law and all his labor a violent hot pulse of resentment. For Oswald's sake, who went wandering about, gay and light-hearted, from club to club, from dinner to dinner, and had not so much gratitude, so much decency, as to give one evening out of a dozen to her!

But Cara, as the reader knows, had not the consolation with which Edward credited her. Happiness of all kinds, she thought, had deserted her forever. There was not even a fire to keep her company, to make her an imitation of a companion. If one could choose the time to be unhappy, it would be always best in winter, when one can cower over the glow of the fire, and get some comfort out of the warmth. It was like stealing away her last friend from her, to take away her fire. When she sat in her usual place, the dark fire-place seemed to glare at her like a kind of grave. And when she sat at the window, all the evening lights got into her eyes and drew tears, so sweet were they and wistful, even though it was but a London sky. Cara had once read a foolish little poem somewhere, in which the twilight was embodied in the form of a poor girl looking stealthily in at the open windows to look for her lost lover, and sighing when she could not find him. At her age allegory is still beautiful; and the very dimness shadowed into visionary form about her, looking for something. For what? For happiness that was lost and could not be found again, never could be found. She did not think any longer, as she had done at first, with a half-superstitious tremor, of her mother, who might be about, looking at her with anxious, spiritual eyes, unable to make herself known. It was a lower level of thought upon which the girl had fallen; she had strayed from the high visionary ground, and had begun to think of herself. She wanted some one near, some voice, some touch, some soft words breaking the stillness; but these sweetnesses were not for her. By turns she too would study like Edward. But then she had no occasion to study; there was no bond of duty upon her. She read "Elaine" over again, poring over her book in the twilight, which was a congenial light to read by; and the same words which pursued Edward, went thrilling through her also like the note of a nightingale floating through the dark—"Loved him, with that love which was her doom." But how fortune favored Elaine! what an end was hers! whereas there was nothing wonderful about poor little Cara, only a foolish mistake which she could not set right, which nobody cared enough about her to set right, and which must mar her whole life, without remedy. The house was quite still, as it had been before Miss Cherry came—but worse than that; for then there was no imbroglio, no web of falsehood, about her poor little feet. Things had grown worse and worse for her as the days went on. She wrote little formal letters to the Hill, saying that she and papa were quite well. She went out to take a walk every day with nurse, and according to the orders of that authority. She asked cook what there was to be for dinner, and agreed to it whatever it was. She made her father's coffee in the morning, and was very quiet, never disturbing him, saying Yes or No when he asked her any question, and sat at the other end of the table when he dined at home. He thought she was a very good little girl—not so clever as he had expected; but children so often grow up different from their promise—a very good little girl of the old-fashioned type, made to be seen and not heard. He had never been used to her, and did not require his child to sympathize with him or amuse him, as some men do, and his mind was full of other things. It did occur to him, as the summer went on, that she was pale. "I think you ought to see Maxwell, Cara," he said; "you are looking very colorless. Write a little note, and ask him to come to put you to rights."

"I am quite well, papa—I don't want Mr. Maxwell or any one."

"Well, if you are sure; but you look pale. I will speak to Mrs. Meredith, and see what she thinks." Cara felt a sensation of anger at this suggestion. She denied again, with much earnestness, that there was any thing the matter with her; and though the heat of her reply almost roused her father to real consideration, it did not, after all, go quite so far as that. He went to his library, and she to her drawing-room. The morning was the cheerful time of her day. It was the hour for Oswald, who came in, quite pleasantly excited, and told her of the expedition he was going to make into the country on the chance of having an interview and explanation with his Agnes. Cara thought this was a very good thing to do. "She ought to know exactly what you feel about her," she said; "and, oh! Oswald, you ought to tell every body, and make an end of all these mysteries."

"That is one word for her and two for yourself, Cara," he said, laughing. "You want to be free of me. But no, wait just a little longer. Look here, I will send you the *Vita Nuova*, and there you will see that Dante had a screen to keep people from suspecting that it was Beatrice."

"I will not be your screen," said Cara, with energy. "It is wicked of you to speak so."

"Why, it is in the *Vita Nuova!*" said Oswald, with indignant innocence. "But never mind; it will be over directly; and you shall come and see her, and help us. My mother must come too."

"I am glad of that. I am sure that Mrs. Meredith would go to-day if you were to ask her."

"Not to-day; let us get our holiday first. I want to see her blush and her surprise as she sees me; but after that you shall see how good and reasonable and correct I shall be."

He went away smiling. It was June, and the very atmosphere was a delight. He had brightened Cara for the moment, and she stepped out upon the balcony and breathed the sweet air, which was sweet even there. Oswald thought she was looking after him as he walked away, and was flattered by Cara's affection. And other people thought so too. As she looked down into the Square she caught the eyes of Edward, who had just come out, and who took it for granted that this was a little overflowing of tenderness on her part, a demonstration of happy love. He looked up at her almost sternly, she thought, but he did not mean it so. He had grown pale and very serious these last few weeks. And he took off his hat to her without a word. Cara went in again as if she had received a blow. She covered her face with her hands and cried. Oh, if it really was in the *Vita Nuova*, Cara hoped the lady who was the screen for Beatrice did not feel it as she did. And what did it matter?—that lady, whoever she was, must have been dead for hundreds of years. But *she* was alive, and this falsehood imbittered her whole life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EASTERN CHRISTIANS AND JEWS.

THE Eastern Christians, whose future fate rests, in a great degree, upon the result of the Russian invasion, are the fragments of that powerful Church which, in the seventh century, ruled Syria, Constantinople, Egypt, and even Italy, and whose various sects and creeds were nearly lost in the general conquests of the Saracens. The Greeks still retained at Constantinople their central shrine; the Egyptians, Syrians, and Armenians were lost in the wide inundation of the Mussulmans. The Christian faith nearly perished. Of its fragments, spared by the invaders, but held for eight centuries in a degrading bondage, the patriarchates of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch, of the Greek faith, still have a faint existence; the Armenians are yet active and intelligent; some Roman Catholics, or sects owing obedience to the papal see, are found in the Levant; in Persia the Nestorian and other creeds are observed; and the discord of the Oriental Christians has outlived their fall from opulence and power. The Patriarch of Constantinople, the most powerful of the Eastern bishops, under Turkish protection, rules over the greater part of the Christians of Turkey, and has or had jurisdiction over 108 dioceses, of which a portion are apparently nominal. Sixteen of them are in Asia. The Patriarch of Alexandria controls a few bishoprics in Africa. The Patriarch of Antioch, the only true successor of St. PETER, governs twenty bishoprics in Syria and the interior countries. He resides at Damascus. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, the feeblest of his fellow-prelates, usually lives at Constantinople, and is maintained in ease by the charitable offerings of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Greek subjects of the Porte are supposed to number 6,000,000; their priests are numerous, but not often highly educated; their monasteries abound throughout the Levant. On the coast of Macedonia rises the famous "Holy Mountain," the classic Mount Athos, to the height of 6000 feet, and often even in August its lofty peak is crowned with snow. Its monasteries, like small cities, cover its sides, and have been, in general, spared by Turks and Crusaders, but not by the natural principle of decay. The monks, once apparently intelligent, fond of collecting books, and possibly even of writing them, have sunk into indolence. Their religion is a nasal intonation of empty forms. Only a few can read and write. The rich treasures of their libraries have been dissipated by their ignorance; the baker of a convent has lighted his fires with the leaves of its manuscripts; a "scolia of Homer" has served for fishing bait; and the rarest of literary possessions have melted away in dust and filth. Yet, in general, the Greek clergy and people of the East are not unintelligent; their influence over the Bulgarians and Roumelians has been excellent; they have planted schools and founded commercial houses; their keen love of trade is every where the path to wealth, and often the intelligent Greek merchant will devote even during his lifetime large sums of money to endow a school or college. The story of the Greek brothers Zosimas, or Zosimadis, is illustrative of this intellectual race. They were seven in number, merchants and traders, who had made a vow to live unmarried and devote their fortunes to the good of their country and of mankind. They spent yearly large sums in educating Greek youths in foreign countries, published the finest editions of the classics, or encouraged contemporary authors to write and publish, established printing-presses, and advanced knowledge. They gave $60,000 annually to the schools of Yanina, their native city. Yet they lived with extreme simplicity in the midst of great wealth; a little cheese, a few olives, were their daily fare. They shrank from all public notice; their good deeds were done, as far as possible, in secret; and when the Russian Czar would have shown them some public honors at St. Petersburg, where several of the brothers were staying, they modestly left the city to avoid his attentions. The last of the eminent brothers died in 1842, and their example of classic virtue shows that the genius of Greece has not wholly faded from its sacred soil. Other Greek merchants have been almost as generous as the Zosimadis; and the Paskalis, of Moscow, and Santello, of Trieste, have, among many others, given large endowments to the Greek public schools.

Next in power, intelligence, and numbers to the Greeks are the Armenian Christians of Turkey. It is supposed that there are 2,000,000 Armenians in Asia and nearly half a million in Europe. In their native land, between the Euxine and the Caspian, in that high and chilly region where Turks and Russians are now madly fighting for the possession of Erzerum and Kars, the powerful and manly race of Armenians, stalwart, industrious, and brave, has existed unchanged for ages. They were converted in the fourth century to Christianity; at a later period they adopted the monophysite doctrine, and are looked upon as heretics or schismatics by both Catholics and Greeks. An Armenian Patriarch resides at Constantinople. And the busy labors of the papal missionaries to convert or suppress the rival sect have often brought disorder and danger to the Armenian Church. Once they carried off the Patriarch Avedik to Marseilles and St. Marguerite; and the fate of the Armenian priest is sometimes confounded with that of the Man in the Iron Mask. A story told by Ubicini shows with what cruel rigor the Turks have enforced, even as late as 1843, their oppressive laws. He who falls away from Islamism is, or was, liable to death; and the penalty has been imposed in the midst of the nineteenth century. A young Armenian, twenty-two years of age, had voluntarily become a Mohammedan; but remorse awoke, he returned to the Christian faith, threw off his Oriental dress, and came back to Constantinople, hoping to escape in disguise the consequences of his abjuration. Unhappily he was discovered, tried, condemned by the Turkish court, and on the 25th of August, 1843, Ovaghian—for that was his name—was executed for his apostasy. The horrible deed awoke too late the attention and the indignation of the foreign ambassadors to the Porte. They protested, threatened, demanded the repeal of the law by which the young Armenian had suffered. Sir S. Canning even embarked, with all his suite, for England. The Turk yielded, and the law has been repealed.

A portion of the Armenians have been converted to the Roman Catholic faith; but their priests are allowed to marry, and the Western ritual is not carefully followed. Of the other Roman Catholic converts, the fruits of the labors of the Propaganda, some are Melchites, or United Greeks, some Maronites, others Sclaves and Albanians. The whole number of Roman Catholics in the Turkish Empire is thought to reach 864,000. Among all these Eastern sects—and it is a result of their long servitude—religious differences are the source of bitter enmity. Intolerance is the characteristic of all subject races, and the Armenian and the Greek, the Roman Catholics and the Protestant, are always at variance. The Armenian excommunicates his people who embrace Protestantism; the Roman Catholics intrigue at Constantinople for the suppression of all rival sects. The Turk looks with a placid scorn upon the contests of a subject people whom he has been taught from his infancy to govern and despise.

One interesting class of Turkish slaves are the Jews; and it is a remarkable trait of their painful history that nearly all of them are immigrants from Portugal and Spain. Expelled from the East and their native scenes by Crusader or Turk, they had found a home under the shelter of the Spanish Moslems. The conquests of the Christians and the pitiless cruelty of Spanish inquisitors and kings drove the Israelites from their Western refuge. Once more they settled in the East, and Constantinople and Jerusalem were filled with the wandering exiles from the farthest West. The Turks received them with a tolerant contempt. The "dog of a Jew" was no more to the ruling caste than "the dog of a Christian." The Jews flourished and grew numerous under the Moslem protection, and hated by Greek and Armenian, held in a rigid subjection by their masters, still, with one or two periods of persecution, lived in comparative tranquillity. Yet they number, in all the Turkish Empire, only about 150,000. So small, so abject, in its native seats is that gifted race whose ideas and usages have civilized barbarous Goth and cruel Hun; and the number of Jews in the city of New York alone is ten times that of the whole Jewish population of their sacred city. In Constantinople there are about 40,000. But it is noticed that the Jews of the East have never reached that ease and opulence which have followed them in England or America. With some exceptions, they live in poverty and ignorance. The Turkish Jews are, it is said, stationary and unprogressive. They have degenerated under Moslem slavery. Yet their morals are pure, their people industrious, their generosity to each other unbounded. Despised by the Turk, hated by Greek and Catholic, they still retain that love for knowledge which needs only freedom to raise them to new excellence. In the Crimea a few Karaite Jews retain the oldest usages of the law, and are noted for their probity and honor. The word of a Karaite Jew is, it is said, inviolable.

Over all these varied races, so long held in an easy bondage by the Turk, a change impends, and the victories of the Russians may at last set free the Eastern world. But grave considerations arise as to what will be the conduct of Russia toward Christian and Jew, and whether the Russian government will be as lenient as the Turkish toward the Protestant missionary or the Armenian priest. Will the Patriarch of Constantinople be suffered to retain his independence? Will the Protestant and the Jew feel the weight of a new persecution? or is Russia prepared to enforce perfect and universal toleration, and leave Moslem, Greek, and Catholic to an undisturbed repose? These questions may be postponed by the event of the war; they may be wholly determined by it. And if the result of the Russian invasion shall be the utter abolition of slavery, intolerance, and persecution throughout the East, there will at least rest upon the latest European war some semblance of justice. The intelligent Armenian, the gifted Jew, the classic Greek, will enter upon a new existence. The love of knowledge will spread over Damascus and Jerusalem. Humanity will descend upon barbarous men, and a new Greece arise in the seat of Homer and Hesiod.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

During the past winter Captain Howgate, of the Signal-office, presented to Congress a plan for a scientific colony in the arctic regions, to facilitate investigations in regard to the physical and natural conditions of that country, especially its meteorology. An appropriation was asked for, but not granted; but Captain Howgate has since then succeeded in securing means to fit out a trial and preliminary expedition, to be followed hereafter, we hope, by one of greater magnitude and longer continuance. A vessel has been purchased, and is now being fitted out at New York with the expectation of sailing some time toward the end of July. The plan is to establish a station for the winter and spring near the arctic circle, just north of Cumberland Straits, to cross over to Disco in August of 1878, thence to return to the United States in the autumn of the same year. The locality in question furnishes an excellent station for meteorological and other physical observations, and is, besides, of extraordinary promise in the line of natural history. It is hoped that the necessary arrangement will be made to secure a full collection of the fauna and flora of the region.

Sir Joseph D. Hooker, the eminent English botanist, and director of Kew Gardens, whose visit to this country has been anticipated for some time, arrived in the *Parthia* at Boston on the 8th of July, accompanied by General Stracher, a distinguished geographer and meteorologist. They immediately proceeded to Cambridge, where they were the guests of Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard. They left Cambridge on the 12th for an extended tour through the West, expecting to be accompanied from Philadelphia by Professor Joseph Leidy. The eminence of the gentlemen composing this party has secured for them the utmost facilities in the way of travel, passes over all the railroads having been freely tendered. Sir Joseph Hooker and General Stracher will probably remain in the United States until October next.

The detection of metals in the human system as the result of chemical tests, required by cases of alleged poisoning, has been well established; but, from recent investigation, it is not at all improbable that deductions have been made that were not warranted by the facts. Quite lately both copper and zinc have been shown to exist in the human body as normal constituents. Copper is well known to occur as the coloring matter in the feathers of many birds, especially in the plantain-eater (*Musophaga*) of Africa. Cloez also found that 530 grams of blood of the roebuck furnished three milligrams of copper oxide. Zinc has been discovered in appreciable quantities in the liver of the human subject and that of many of the lower animals, such as the calf, ox, and dog. It has also been detected in hens' eggs, in wheat, barley, etc.

Professor Rovida, connected with the department of special pathology and clinical medicine at the University of Turin, died recently at Milan.

Mr. M. Raynaud has lately occupied himself as to the agent of transmission in vaccination, by which its influence is carried from the part affected throughout the body. The blood would naturally be suggested as this agent, but experiments of Raynaud show that this is not the case, although he is not prepared at present to offer a hypothesis on the subject. A singular fact, however, was brought out in the course of his inquiry—that by transferring blood from one animal that had been vaccinated to another, the latter, on vaccination, furnished no pustules.

It is announced that Captain Gessi, the explorer of the Albert Nyanza under Captain Gordon, is now preparing for a new expedition to the interior of Africa, on his own account. He will be accompanied by a naturalist and photographer, and will note and record all the observable facts in relation to physical and natural science, as well as secure specimens of the fauna and flora.

Baron von Mueller has lately called attention to a stimulant of great efficacy used by the aborigines of Australia, and called by them *Pitury*, which, from his investigations, he believes to belong to the *Duboisia hopwoodii*. The natives of Central Australia chew the leaves of the *Pitury* in the same manner as the Peruvians do those of the coca, and claim that it excites their courage in warfare.

The annual report of the Ohio State Fish Commissioners for the years 1875 and 1876 has been submitted by Mr. John H. Klippart, the secretary of the Commission, and from this we learn that the most important work of the Commission was the hatching of white-fish at the State hatchery at Toledo, this being under the direction of Mr. Potter. Subsidiary establishments were also erected at West Cleveland, Castalia, and Kelley's Island, and a reasonable percentage of the fish hatched was planted in due season in the lakes.

Numerous salmon, both of the California and the Maine varieties, were received from the United States Fish Commission, and planted in suitable waters, where some of them have already made their appearance as fish of considerable size.

Mr. Klippart gives a detailed account of the Toledo and Sandusky fisheries, as also a list of Ohio fishes, as furnished and edited by Professor Jordan. Numerous wood-cuts of different varieties of the finny tribe embellish the volume.

A magnificent museum of applied science has lately been established in Moscow, occupying a space of nearly 123,000 square feet, and divided into three blocks. Eleven scientific societies will hold their sessions in this building, which, besides rooms for collections in applied science, contains a large lecture hall. The cost, up to the present time, has amounted to above half a million rubles, or about $375,000.

An interesting report has lately been published by the British government in regard to appropriations for the service of the British Museum. From this we learn that the total expenditures for maintenance, from the foundation of the Museum in 1753 to the 1st of March, 1875, amounted to $18,307,000, and for the purchase of specimens to $5,355,000, or a total of $23,662,000. Of this first amount there were expended for buildings, repairs, and fittings, $6,995,000; for purchase of land and leases of new buildings, $224,610; for salaries, wages, police, and retiring allowances, about $7,370,000.

The Museum was established on the basis of Sir Hans Sloane's collection, purchased in 1753 for about $100,000. Since then $1,614,000 have been expended on books, $600,000 for manuscripts, $310,000 for minerals and fossils, $360,000 for specimens of natural history, and $1,860,000 for antiquities, coins, and medals, including expenditures on excavations at Ephesus. The cost of explorations in Syria amounted to $90,000.

Of course the expenditures for the Museum have increased year by year, and have gradually reached an imposing sum. Thus from the 31st of March, 1874, to the 31st of March, 1875, the expense of the maintenance of the Museum, including salaries, house expenses, taxes, repairs of buildings, etc., amounted to $428,425, and for purchase of books, specimens of natural history, and excavations, $133,850, or a total of $562,275 for the year.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In 1866 a donation of $150,000, from George Peabody, of London, was committed to the trustees of Yale College for the purpose of founding and maintaining a museum of natural history in connection with that institution. This fund accumulated by proper investment, and now the Peabody Museum, which has been recently thrown open to the public, reveals what a valuable addition has been made to the scientific institutions of our country. The building is of modern Gothic architecture, neat and artistic, with special provisions to prevent loss of valuable curiosities in case of fire. The collection from the old cabinet building has been brought to the new museum, and many new specimens have been arranged in the cases. But classification of curiosities in zoology, geology, mineralogy, etc., is a work of time, and there yet remains a large number, which will be on exhibition as soon as they can be prepared and labeled. The interior arrangements of the museum are admirably adapted for the exhibition of specimens, for study, and for illustrative lectures.

The White Mountains seem to be brought quite near to residents of New York by recent arrangements which enable one to go there from this city without change of cars.

Hereafter a regular official envelope will be adopted, instead of stamps, for governmental business, which, while giving the freedom of the mails to official matter, will guard against improper uses as far as possible. On each envelope, besides the name of the department or bureau, and the legend, "Official Business," there is printed the following warning: "Any person using this envelope to avoid the payment of postage on private matter of any kind will be subject to a fine of $300."

With July comes the rush to Saratoga. On Saturday, July 7, five hundred trunks arrived at the station in Saratoga, to the great delight of the hotels.

The Boston Sea-shore Home for Invalid Children has been located at Quincy.

On the Fourth of July a young man living in Cincinnati left a loaded rifle on the table in the family parlor. By-and-by a little boy eight years old took it and went into the yard to "play soldier" with it, of course having no knowledge of its being loaded. In reckless fun he pointed it at his sister, a girl of thirteen, who sat sewing near the window. Suddenly the weapon was discharged, and the young girl was instantly killed. In Philadelphia, on the same day, a boy of ten shot a little fellow of six, wounding him so severely that he died that night. In Indianapolis a boy nine years old found a loaded pistol on the table, and while playfully handling it, mortally wounded a man who was in the room. The list of casualties might be extended, but these instances are enough.

Seven hundred and twenty-three emigrants recently arrived at this port from Liverpool on their way to Utah. The company included English, Danes, Swedes, German-Swiss, Norwegians, and Hollanders. They were in charge of a Mormon bishop, who was sent out some months ago to collect converts in England and in other countries abroad. The emigrants were in many cases the remnants of families who went to Utah years ago.

Excursions are in order during the warm season, and steamers are numerous on bay, Sound, and rivers in our vicinity. The number of passengers allowed on excursion steamers is limited by law, but there seems to be nobody who is responsible to see that the law is obeyed. Consequently passengers need to have an eye to their rights, privileges, and safety.

In the Berlin Zoological Gardens the royal tigress lately added two fine cubs to the collection, but, strange to say, she utterly refused to take care of them. They were therefore placed amid the family of a Newfoundland dog, which animal received them cordially, and bestowed upon them all needful maternal attention.

In some sections of Pennsylvania and Delaware the "tramp nuisance" has become so alarming that citizens are holding meetings in various towns to consider what measures must be taken in regard to this evil. Vigilance committees have been organized in some places, and the first tramp caught committing any crime will be likely to be dealt with severely.

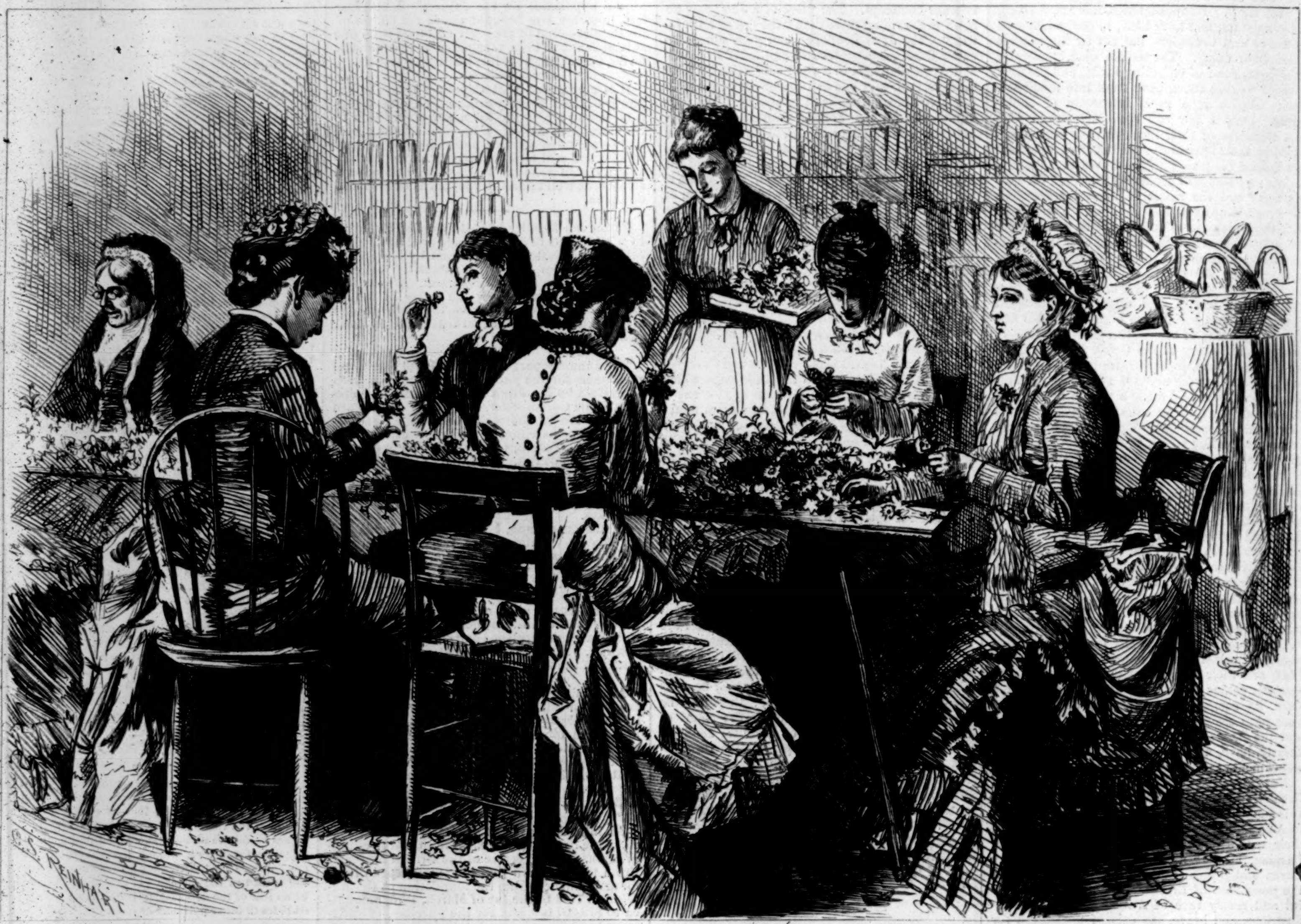
Rest a while after breakfast as well as after dinner. Do not begin work the instant you rise from the table, if it is possible to avoid it. Irving said "It is delightful to breakfast leisurely; then go out and saunter in the garden; walk down to the water and give the dogs a swim; sketch out a kite, to be completed in the evening; to stick up a new colored picture in the nursery; and to do this and more with the sense that there is no neglect—that you can easily overtake your day's work."

It appears from a recent report made by the United States consul at Sonneberg, Germany, concerning the rinderpest now prevailing in that country, that the poison [illegible] the rinderpest is difficult to destroy. It attaches readily to all substances, and retains its active principle for a long while. Hence very rigid rules are enforced by the German government to prevent the spread of the disease. It is said that there need be no fear of the exportation from Germany of infected hides or other poisoned articles.

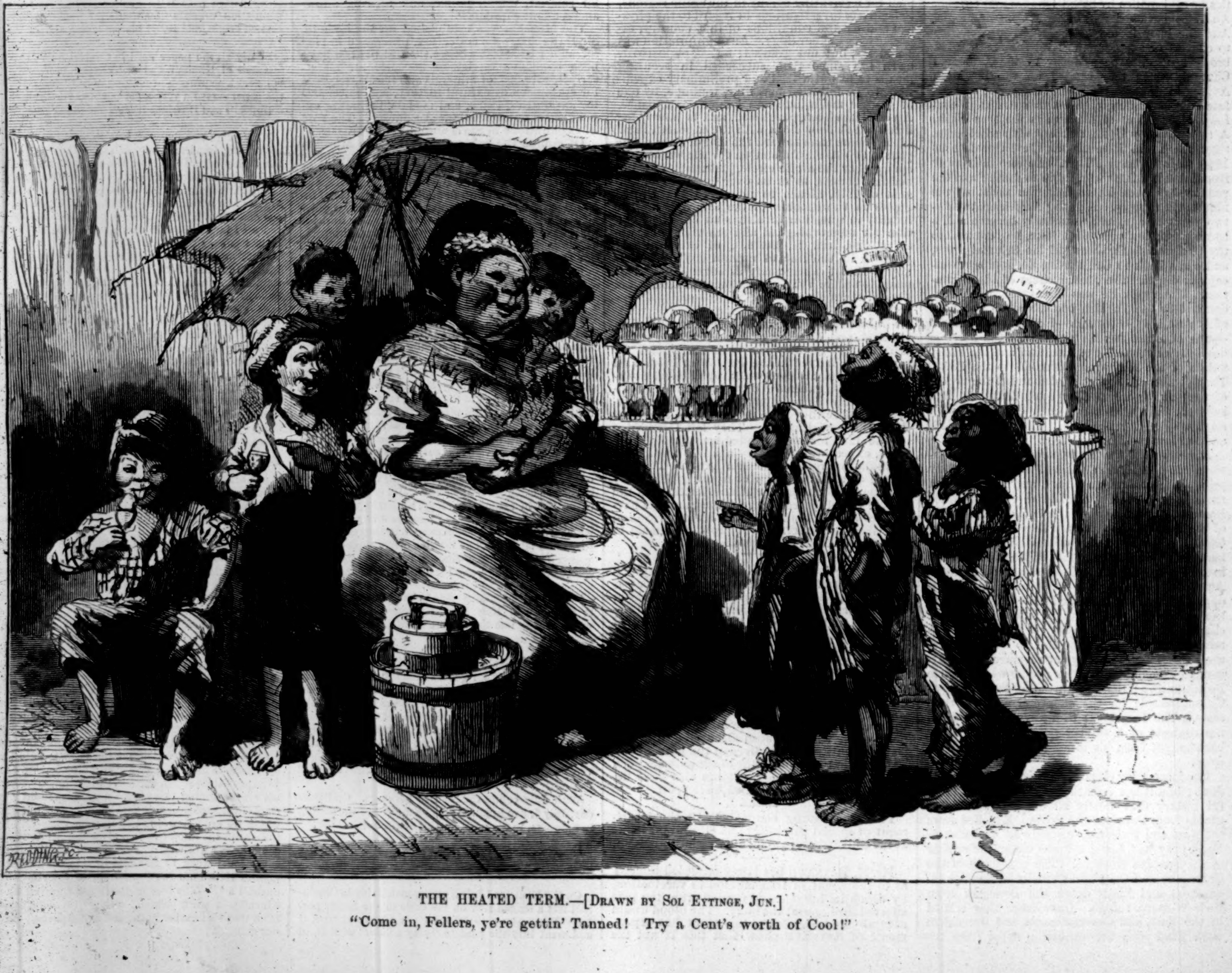
The Island of St. Bartholomew, one of the Lesser Antilles, was ceded to Sweden in 1784. But Sweden found the island more trouble than it was worth, and lately parted with it to France for a "trifle." The population consists of about 3000 whites, chiefly of French origin, and 13,000 blacks—freed slaves.

Nearly all the paper used in Central Asia is manufactured at Khokan and at Tcharku, a neighboring village. The process of making is rude and slow, but the paper serves a very good purpose for the natives. Europeans and Russians import the paper they use.

Fifty years ago drawing was regarded as an ornamental art, important only as an accomplishment for the highly educated. Now the general introduction of drawing into our public schools as a common study is imperatively demanded by the great change that has taken place within the last quarter or half century in the relation of education to practical life. The importance of industrial and inventive drawing as an educator has been forcibly presented by Mr. John Y. Culyer, of Brooklyn, in two recent addresses—one delivered before the New York State Association of County Commissioners and City Superintendents of Common Schools, and the other before the graduating class of the Cooper Union Normal Art School. Mr. Culyer says that the demand for public instruction in drawing is "supported by the leading intelligent business men of the country, who are able to demonstrate by facts and figures that it has become a study of vital importance to the great mass of our working population and to the successful prosecution of at least nine-tenths of our industrial investments, while it forms the very foundation-stone for all constructive engineering, and the basis of all technical knowledge." Fifty years ago education was adapted to fit persons to engage in the greater number of lucrative occupations then existing, but made no provision whatever for the mechanic and artisan, and for those engaged in what may be called the constructive industries. But great changes have taken place since that time, bringing into existence hundreds of occupations then unknown, requiring an entirely different kind of knowledge from that taught in the old-time school. Mr. Culyer makes it evident that to the carpenter, machinist, cabinet-maker, mason, carriage-maker, and to all who work with tools, a knowledge of drawing is really of more practical utility than a knowledge of geography or grammar. "We need," he says, "the physical training of the eye to see, the physical training of the hand to execute what the eye sees, and then we want the mind informed so that the eye shall see with intelligence, and add to the work of the hand beauty and grace in every thing which it undertakes. This is something essential for success in every branch of industry; this is something which should underlie all industrial training; this is something which your old-time studies do not touch at all; this is something which drawing alone can reach; and hence you have this demand for drawing in public schools—a demand which, for the most practical reasons, asks to have the study placed side by side in importance with reading, writing, and arithmetic.... People are beginning to see that a great amount of the theoretical book-learning and mere memorizing with which we are filling our pupils' minds has very little to do with the rate of their daily wages when they become active workers.... There is no more important educational work to be done in this country at the present time than the promotion of the study of industrial art." The best methods for carrying on this educational work demand thoughtful consideration from those interested in the industrial development of our country.

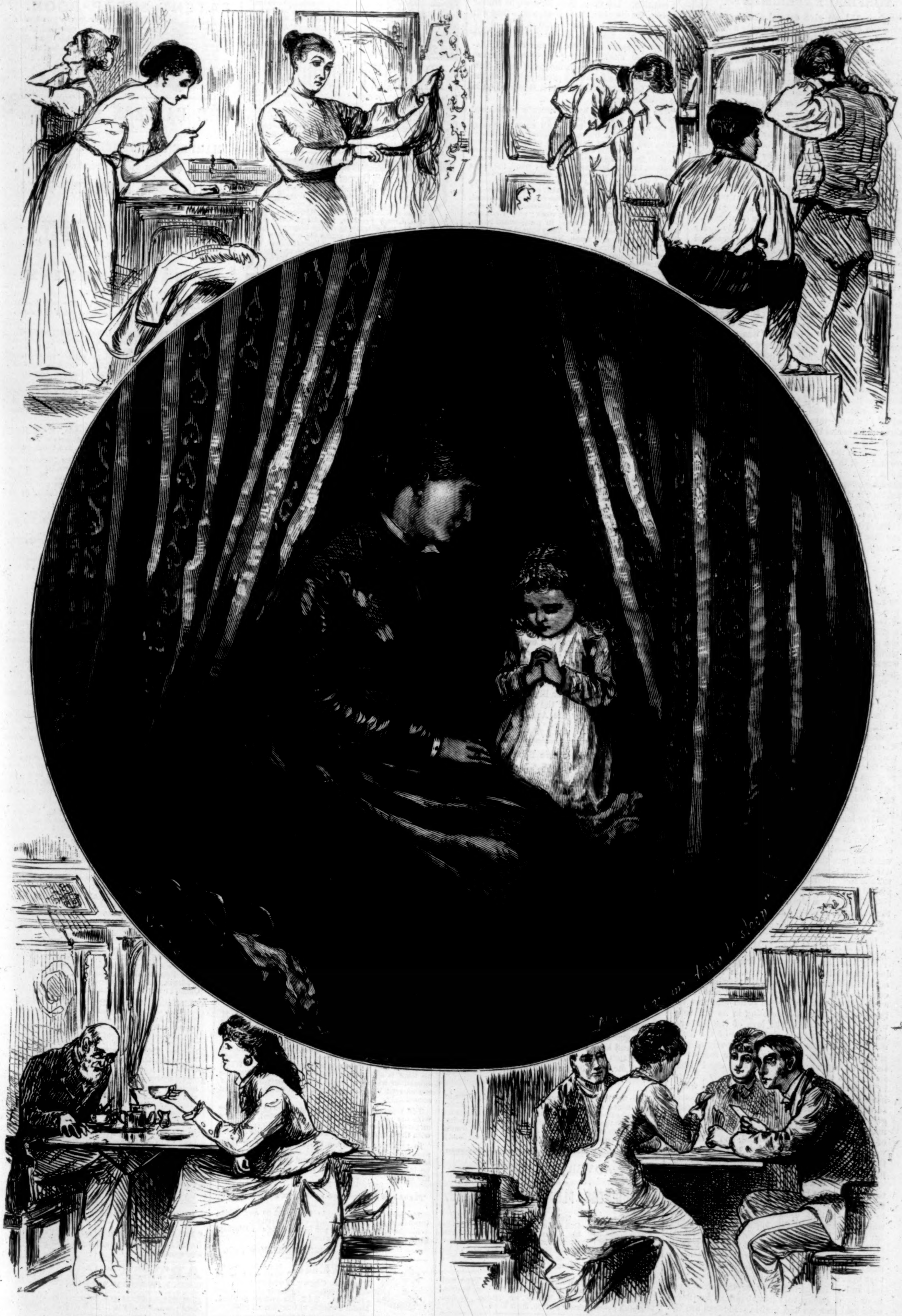


THE FLOWER MISSION—MAKING BOUQUETS FOR HOSPITALS AND PRISONS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 590.]



THE HEATED TERM.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

"Come in, Fellers, ye're gettin' Tanned! Try a Cent's worth of Cool!"


"Now I lay me down to sleep."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT BY RAIL.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 590.]

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS.

ON page 581 we give several sketches illustrating the experiments recently made at Cleveland, Ohio, with what is known as the "Lay Torpedo," an invention of Mr. LAY, of Buffalo. This torpedo, as may be seen in our engraving, is cylindrical, with conical ends. The forward cone is calculated to contain one hundred pounds of dynamite or some other explosive substance. The forward section of the main cylinder is charged with a liquid capable of powerful expansion into gas, which is used as the motive power, and is connected with the machinery by a valve operated by electricity, and a pipe. The boat is steered by a double rudder, controlled by means of electricity. Beneath the keel is an exhaust-pipe, and under this a second pipe through which the electrical cable, which lies coiled like a harpoon line in a whale-boat, is paid out as the boat pursues its way. This cable may be of any length desired, and connected with the shore or a vessel.

When launched, the torpedo is entirely under the control of the operator, who may be stationed on shore or aboard ship. He has a compact battery, and key-board, on which are small switches with which he guides, controls, and explodes the craft by means of electricity.

The secrecy with which the preliminary experiments have been made had aroused general curiosity, and on the afternoon of July 10 a large crowd of spectators gathered on the dock at Cleveland to witness the public trial. It was a splendid success in every particular. There were present a number of distinguished men, conspicuous among whom were the Assistant Chinese minister, YUNG YUEN Poo, and his secretary; a number of naval officers and visitors from other cities. A stake-boat was stationed half a mile from the shore, and when the battery was applied, the torpedo started off at a rapid rate, going to the stake-boat in three minutes and twenty seconds, and, gracefully rounding the boat, started on her return, which was made in the same time. It is claimed by the owners that this craft will travel twelve miles per hour. The rapidity and precision with which the machine obeyed the operator, clearly demonstrated that it is one of the most formidable weapons of naval warfare ever invented. It will be shipped directly to some European power, for which it was built. The owners decline to state which one, but say they have orders for a large number from the same power.

A HIKER-YACHT RACE.

AT the moment chosen by our artist, in the spirited sketch on page 581, the yacht in the foreground, which had been running up the river with a free sheet, is shooting up into the wind, the captain is putting the helm down, and the crew are getting in the sheet in a lively manner, preparatory to coming in stays and going down stream close-hauled on the port tack. The other yachts show the course.

The Delaware is peculiarly fitted for yachting. The low shores allow the wind free and steady play, without a tendency to gusts; yet scarcely a race passes without some sort of accident. Sometimes half a dozen of these hiker yachts are capsized at the very start. In, fact it is generally when getting under way or in rounding the stake that these yachts are most liable to accidents of this kind. A sailing-master who wants to win requires to possess a perfect knowledge of the river, the strength and set of the tides, and the capabilities of his yacht. These boats demand great delicacy of handling, the sheet being regulated by inches. Another indispensable requirement is an active and experienced crew, any one of which is willing to "hike out"—that is, jump overboard—at the captain's order. Should the wind die out, the captain lightens the yacht by ordering as many of his crew as he thinks proper to take to the water, and run the chance of being picked up or swimming ashore; and although the risk is great in a broad river like the Delaware, the command is always and instantly obeyed.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

WE Americans have sprung from a hard-working and utilitarian ancestry, who, in their revolt against self-indulgence and what they considered criminal and soul-destroying luxury, also flung away and cast derision upon much that was innocently beautiful and elevating in its influence upon human nature. The love of the æsthetic was classed among the sinful lusts of the flesh, and life was made as hard and unlovely as possible in all its surroundings. There seemed to be no conception in the minds of our Puritan forefathers that an instinct so strongly planted in the human soul as is the love of beauty, which has its correlate in all the marvelous loveliness of nature, could not be eradicated without doing great mischief to the organization of which it made a part. The duty of living, not the beauty of living, was their watch-word, and thus they were hard and unloving in their intercourse with their fellow-men, and often merciless and unsympathetic in their coldly given charity.

Nowadays it has dawned upon our communities that, besides feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, there is yet a vast service to be done to the souls that inhabit the needy bodies for which alone we have been accustomed to provide. An instinct has put the thought into the minds of tender and charitable women that this may in some measure be done by introducing into the sick-chamber and the prison the lovely blossoms that were intended by their Creator to cheer helpless and suffering humanity, or they would not have been strewn in such abundant loveliness over field and fen and prairie. Flowers are the most perfect types of beauty ever given to the world. Their luxury of color, their grace of form, and infinite variety make them in themselves a revelation of the infinite power expressed throughout creation. Let them, then, be brought among the poor, the diseased, the vicious, whom they will serve as angels of ministering grace.

That all who read the *Weekly* may, if they are so disposed, assist in extending this beautiful labor of love among their poverty and disease stricken fellow creatures in the great city of New York, we cull the following paragraphs from the report of the Flower Mission, as it is carried on in the great metropolis:

"The flowers should be very carefully packed, and surrounded by a layer of newspaper, which, by excluding the air, keeps them fresh. All kinds of flowers are acceptable, but lilacs, pond-lilies, roses, honeysuckle, and geranium leaves seem to be the greatest favorites. We would suggest to those who occasionally send flowers made up into bouquets ready for distribution, that the bouquets should be small, the stems should not be cut off too short, and that, if possible, a sweet flower should be put into each one. The cry always is, 'Give us something with a smell, please!'

"If the flowers are sent in a basket, plainly marked, 'Return to Mrs. ——,' with the direction, the basket will be returned the following week; but, if convenient, it is better to send them in paste-board boxes, which need not be returned. They should be marked, 'New York Flower Mission, No. 239 Fourth Avenue, City,' per WESTCOTT'S, or whatever city express they may be forwarded by.

"These packages should be sent on as early a train as possible Monday and Thursday mornings, those being the only days when the rooms are open. In many places it has been found that by interesting one of the brakemen on the train, he would take the boxes and leave them at the express office which is found at every one of the stations in New York city. The best way, perhaps, is, however, to get some of the philanthropic gentlemen who come in on the early trains to take charge of them and give them to the express here, with a request to deliver as soon as possible, as it is most important that they should be at the rooms before twelve o'clock. If the flowers come from a great distance, it is better to start them the night or day before.

"The rooms of the Flower Mission are at the hall No. 239 Fourth Avenue. They are open every Monday and Thursday from ten till one, from May 15 to October 1. The ladies will always be glad to give any information about the working of the mission and to see friends there."

Further on the suggestion occurs that if the ladies of the city will come to the rooms of the mission and assist in the making up of the bouquets, they will confer a great favor on the lady managers. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was such a scene as this, of daily occurrence, that gave our artist the subject for his picture on page 588.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

TWENTY years ago travel by rail for long distances was only a step removed from positive torture, and the grotesque postures assumed by the passengers, in the vain attempt to get a comfortable position, were the subject of many humorous illustrations by our caricaturists. But at the present time the PULLMAN or WAGNER palace or drawing-room cars afford almost every luxury that can be desired. The mother travels with her little ones in perfect comfort and ease. Every train on the long routes contains convenient arrangements for making one's toilet, and on some trains dining-room cars are provided, in which meals can be procured that would do credit to DELMONICO. Our illustrations on page 589 give a good idea of the comforts and conveniences afforded by the American system of railway travel.

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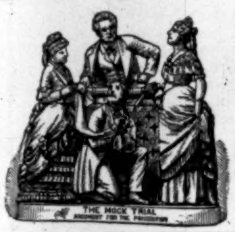

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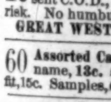

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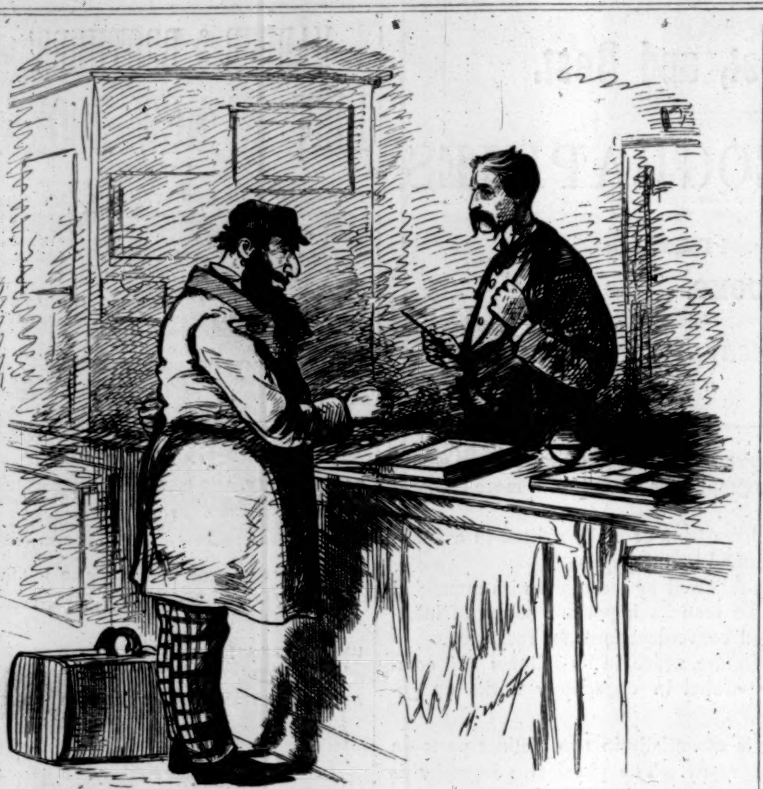

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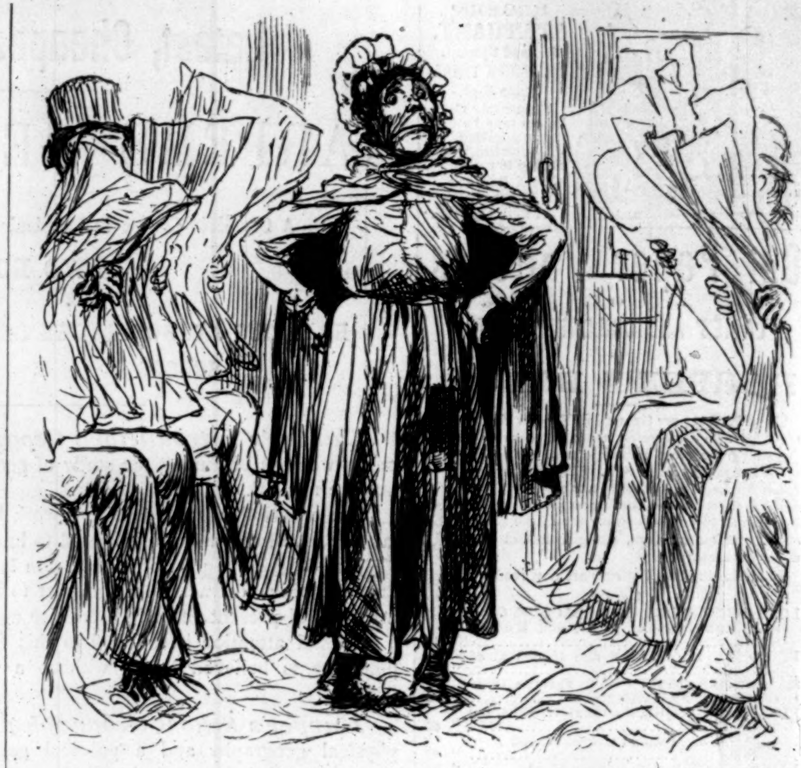

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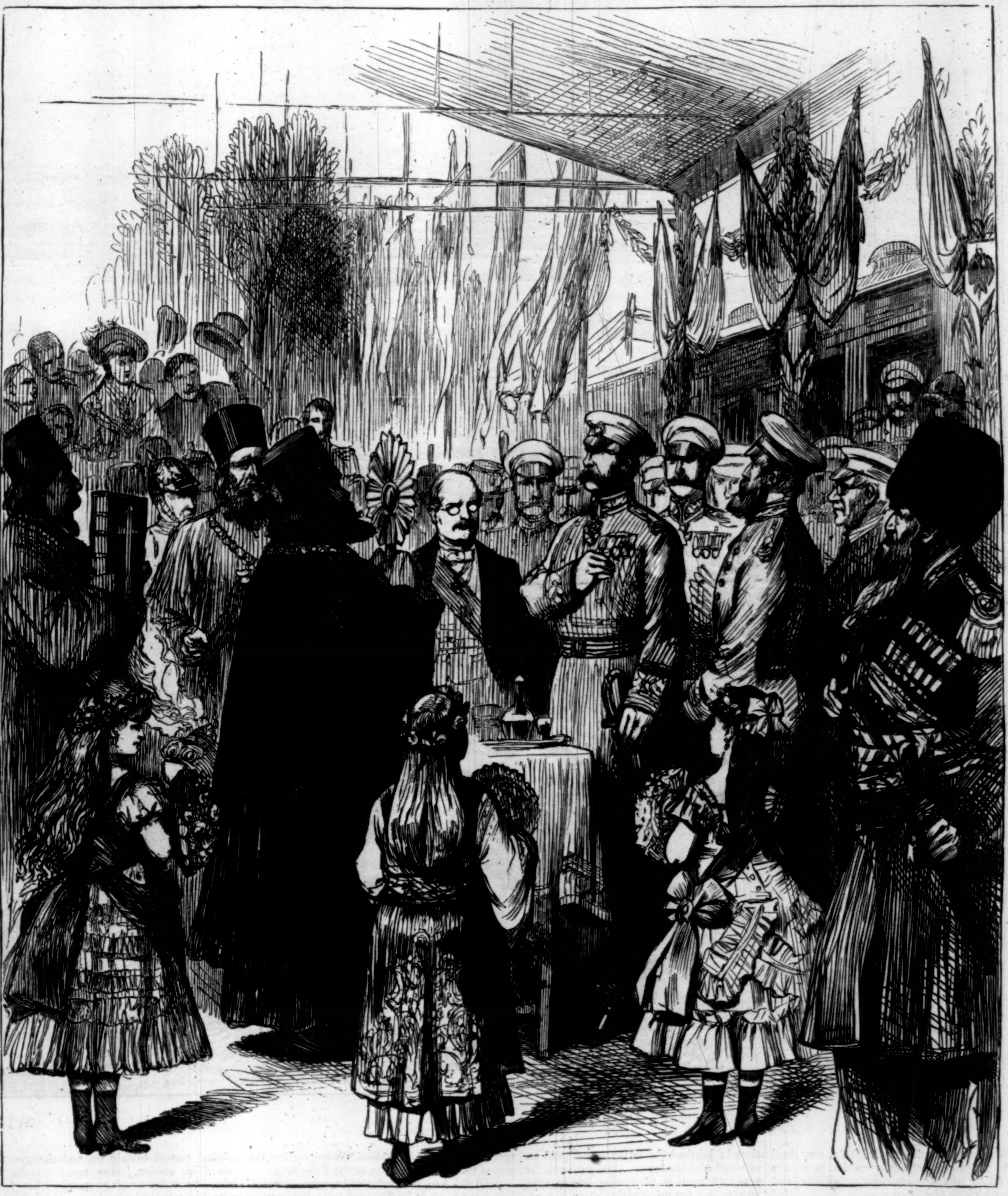
PLOESTI AND WIDDIN.

THE engraving on this page represents a most impressive scene that took place on the arrival of the Emperor of Russia at Ploiesti, or Ploesti, as it is usually written, recently the head-quarters of the Russian army in Roumania. Preparations were made for his reception at the railway station of the little town, and there he was ceremonially invited to partake of bread and wine, while three dignified ecclesiastics of the orthodox Eastern Church bestowed upon his august person their most solemn religious benediction.



ROUMANIAN PRIESTS AT PLOESTI BLESSING THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA WITH BREAD AND WINE.

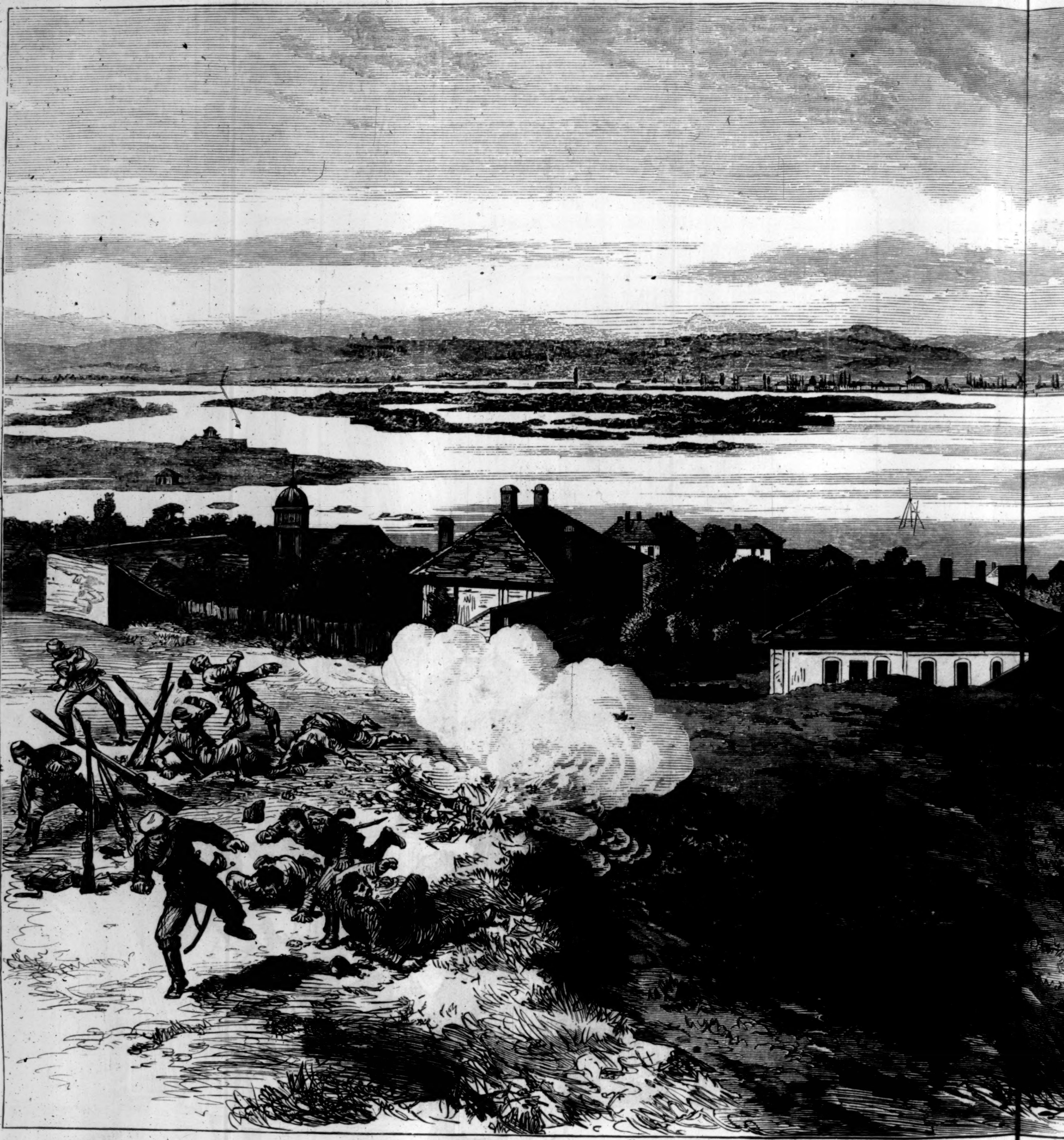
His Imperial Majesty stood as we see him in the picture, with his right hand laid upon his breast in a reverential attitude, while the sword at his side was gently touched by the other hand, in apparent allusion to the awfulness of his position and the deep importance of the errand that has brought him to Roumania. The little bald-headed gentleman with spectacles and mustache, wearing a broad ribbon and cross on his breast, is Mr. COGELNICEANO, the Prime Minister of the principality of Roumania, who, next to its ruler, Prince CHARLES of Hohenzollern, is chiefly responsible for aiding and abetting the present war against Turkey. The Grand Duke NICHOLAS, brother to the Emperor, and commander-in-chief of the Russian Army of the Danube, stands close beside his Majesty; the Czarowitz and another of the Grand Dukes are present with him; while the feeble old man in plain civilian dress, with spectacles on his nose, who hovers just outside the imperial family, is Prince GORTCHAKOFF, the veteran Russian statesman, Chancellor of the Empire, and director of its foreign policy.

The quiet order and lack of ostentation that marked the Emperor's reception at Ploesti harmonize with the simplicity that characterizes the habits and doings of the great men at the Russian head-quarters, which have been in no wise disturbed by the late important accession to their circle. We borrow from the London *Daily News* a portion of a letter in which one of its war correspondents describes the manner in which life goes on at Ploesti:

> "The Emperor dwells in a pretty seven-roomed villa. (A journalistic friend of mine boasts, with truth, that he lives next door to the Czar of all the Russias.) General NEPOKOITSCHITZKY, the chief of the staff, may be met at any time walking between his own quarters and those occupied by the Grand Duke commanding in chief, unattended even by an aid-de-camp, and with a great bundle of papers under his arm. Every passer-by may see Prince GORTCHAKOFF sitting out in the open air on the raised door-step of his house, under the shade of the shrubs growing there in pots, stooping languidly over one of the novels which are said to engross so much of his time. The Grand Duke NICHOLAS leaves his quarters and walks with his personal staff through the streets to a school-house, the large room of which is used as the head-quarters mess. The other day, while dining in the garden of the Hôtel Brofft, I noticed three young staff officers sitting by a little table. The waiter desired to serve them; they wished to dine, but were anxious to do so in one of the pretty bosquets, and would wait till one was vacant, which was not then the case. They waited some time, and then fell heirs to the bosquet, and, let us hope, enjoyed there Mr. BROFFT's excellent cheer. An officer who happened casually to join me pointed out one of the three as the Grand Duke NICHOLAS the younger, the son of the commander-in-chief, and the nephew of the Emperor. Having dined, the little party went quietly off to the theatre, none of the house of BROFFT being aware who was the distinguished guest. The same afternoon six staff officers walked into the garden of the same hotel and demanded of MÜLLER the accommodation of six bed-chambers for the night. The house was full, but MÜLLER knew three of the officers as previous customers, and told these he would strain a point to provide for them. They accepted the accommodation; the other three went away to find quarters elsewhere. One of them, who was carrying his own hand-bag, was the Archduke VLADIMIR, and his Imperial Highness ultimately achieved a bedroom on the third floor of the Hôtel des Boulevards. It can not certainly be said of Russian staff officers that they are sycophants.
>
> "While I waited at the Ploesti station, there came from the waiting-room to a carriage of a train bound east an old general, somewhat feeble of step, yet of noble stature and soldierly mien. The veteran bore a historic name. It was his grandfather who, himself the commander of an army, headed, standard in hand, the forlorn hope which stormed Ismail in 1790, falling on to the task with the fell war-cry, 'Brothers, no quarter to-day, for our bread is scarce!' It was the same grim SUWAROFF who dispatched to Empress CATHERINE the celebrated laconic dispatch, 'Mother, Ismail is at your feet!' The father of the veteran SUWAROFF of to-day was drowned at a little place called Remnik, in Wallachia, when KUTOSOFF's army was returning from the siege of Rustchuk. His son, who was but a boy when his father perished, had raised at Remnik a monument to his memory, and, when I saw him, was starting on a pilgrimage to his father's grave. He holds no command, and is at present with the army as one of the closest personal friends of the Emperor."

The town of Ploesti, which had been selected as the Russian head-quarters for strategical reasons, covers a great space of ground, and is approached through a characteristic landscape, which may be said to be divided into two zones. There is a zone of forest and a zone of plough-land, and whichever way the traveller looks, the same scene is presented to his gaze. If the low-lying track be not edged by trees, most exquisitely green and tender of foliage, it will be found to run through an apparently boundless plain. Very far off, a pale blue line of mountains may sometimes suggest that the whole universe is not flat. In the spring of the year the level has charms of its own, reminding the traveller of the *velat* lands in Cape Colony. Swaths of yellow colza bar it, and acres of wild strawberry vines in full blossom, and belts of iris that grow round an occasional marsh, break the eternal green.

Ploesti itself is a little Bucharest—less wealthy, perhaps dirtier, possibly more idle. The holes in the streets are deeper, and filled to the brim with mud, for apparently rain never ceases in this district. The streets have the advantage of being wide, and—wonderful exception to the usual rule in Turkey!—the houses are neither dilapidated nor on the point of tumbling down. Many of them are comparatively new, and their stucco fronts present quite a cheerful appearance. So far as business is concerned, only two kinds of trade seem to flourish in Ploesti, that of the tailor and tobacconist. Usually the lower floor of a house contains two apartments, in one of which is seated the votary of the pipe, while the disciple of the goose occupies the other. There are, indeed, a few shops neither devoted to dress nor tobacco, but they are too insignificant to be worthy of mention. From the upper windows of the houses dark eyes peep curiously from behind the blinds, and when caught sight of by a stranger, modestly vanish. The desire to catch a glimpse



WIDDIN AND THE DA UBE, F

of their owners, coupled with the frightful condition of the pavements, generally results in a humiliating fall or two to pedestrians unfamiliar with the eccentricities of Ploesti streets.

Outside the city the houses put on another character, and some of them may be described as little gems of beauty and comfort. The old Roumanian hotel, almost extinct in the capital, may also be found here. These houses of entertainment are worthy of description. Along three sides of an immense court-yard run lofty galleries covered in with glass. Upon these galleries open the windows of the bedrooms, which are little more than tiny dens, where the least privacy is impossible. The staircases run to the galleries, and the whole arrangements are such as to make it apparent that ladies are not expected to sojourn here. In the court-yard stand a few acacias, a few oleanders struggling toward the light, and a great number of those colored glass globes which in the Roumanian's opinion are more than an equivalent for flowers. A visitor in Ploesti speaks of a meadow thus adorned, in which the owner was accustomed to stand with rapt delight, as an enthusiast in horticulture might stand amid an array of wonderful blossoms. Among the acacias and oleanders, weather permitting, people take their meals; but for rainy nights there is a pavilion along the court-yard. This building is of wood, and so full of taste in shape and decoration, so bright in color, and so gracefully carved, that it is quite an attractive place in which to dine. In the evening, guests are entertained by the Lauatorei, or gypsy minstrels, another institution of the land. They play wild tunes, always by ear, or else they seize upon some popular French or German waltz, and so transform it that it seems like a barbarous chant. The music usually continues until midnight, during which time visitors to the hotel drink beer and listen to the curious strains.

At present Ploesti is full of excitement over the strange honor thrust upon it by the visit of the Emperor. One and all, the inhabitants are watching with breathless interest the warlike preparations that are going on throughout the town. The usual business of life is suspended, and war is the only topic discussed. A correspondent resident at Ploesti thus describes the scenes that transpire daily in the little town:

"All day long the trains of baggage and artillery come filing in by the road from Braila without a break. The horses—nearly all young—step well through the deep black soil; the men, dirty and unkempt, as are all troops upon campaign, have an admirable airy spirit and good humor. There are always officers waiting at the entrance of the town, who observe the wagons and men as they pass by. At four o'clock this afternoon General NEPOKOITSCHITZKY himself, the chief of the staff, did not disdain to undertake the duty. Motionless, upon a beautiful white horse, he watched the uninteresting procession for nearly two hours—uninteresting at least it seemed to me, waiting an audience with his Excellency. At intervals of the interminable train the baggage guards passed by, a score of men marching with free step, though caked to the knees in mud. Then the general always pushed through the crowd, and while the men presented arms, he uttered a word or two. The reply always came in a short, sharp, startling cheer; the soldiers passed briskly on, and the general resumed his station. How many vehicles I saw pass, how many baggage guards I heard cheer, none but a 'calculating boy' could estimate, but the sum was one *à faire rêver*. Not to-day nor this week did the procession begin, nor will it end to-morrow. How are these innumerable horses to be fed in Bulgaria? how are these wagons to be dragged over Bulgarian roads? Each should and did carry a spare wheel behind; the wheel is missing already in one case, at least, out of ten; it has been needed and used before Roumania has been crossed."

The village of Widdin, like many other of the Roumanian and Bulgarian towns that have been recently illustrated in the *Weekly*, would probably always have remained unknown to fame had it not had greatness thrust upon it by the Turko-Russian war. Now, however, the march of armies and the whir of artillery have become to the little village like the trumpet of fame, and made it of an importance that entitles it to a prominent place in our Supplement.

In the double-page engraving our readers will find a general view of th town and fo
of Widdin, and the Turk h encampm
neighborhood, with a lo stretch o
bank of the Danube, as en from th
Roumanian batteries on e heights a
fat, on the left bank of t t river. T
view is shown in the fo ground at th
left, upon the knoll or iff where th
Charles Battery" has be erected, an
Turkish shell has just pit ed and burst
a party of soldiers who h been sittin
there. The suburban d public
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in the middle distan e wide
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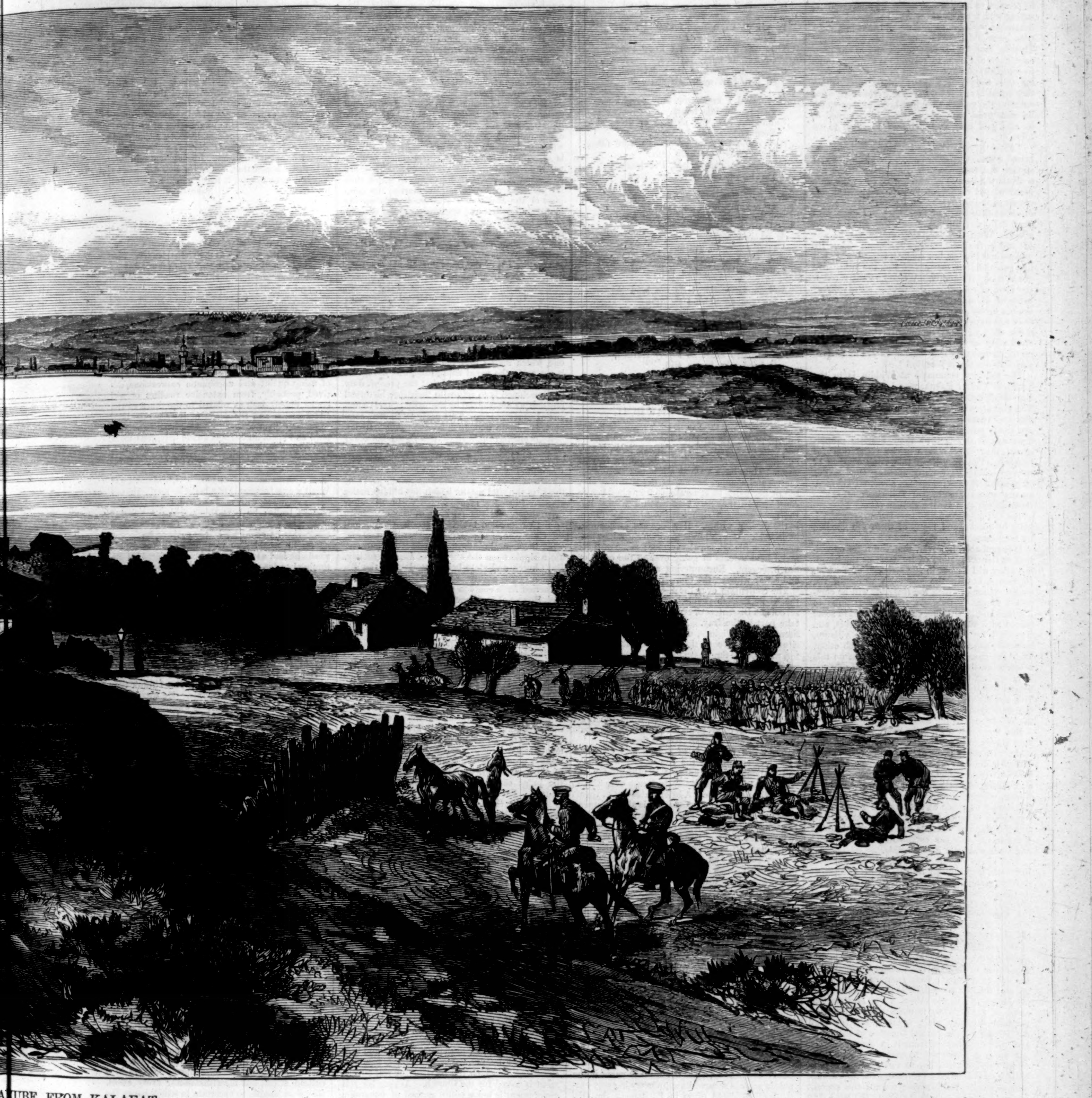
Turkish gun-boats comi p to Widdi



A UBE, FROM KALAFAT.

th town and fortifications
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d our engraving, is an
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ni p to Widdin.

The distance of the opposite river-bank from the Kalafat heights is about 2700 yards. The most conspicuous features in this distant view are the old square castle built at the water's edge, behind which is the smoking chimney of a steam factory and bakery for army biscuits; a sufficient number of minarets or turrets of mosques; a few large warehouses, and many low dwelling-houses, between which lie the insignificant streets.

The fortifications of Widdin consist, on the land side, of two concentric lines of works. The outer one, which incloses the whole town, is formed of a simple parapet of earth, having a command of nine feet, a thickness of twelve, and ditches nine feet deep. This parapet is flanked by eleven redoubts, placed from five to six hundred yards apart, and intended to be armed with six guns each. The two extreme redoubts, known as Fort Jeldis and Fort Adjab, which rest upon the Danube, are stronger than the others, and have revetted escarps. The inner enceinte is of a more formidable trace, consisting of seven bastioned fronts with revetted escarps and counterscarps. Between this inner and outer line there is a belt of considerable width, which is only partially built over, and which has frequently, in the absence of an outer girdle of detached forts, served the Turkish armies as an intrenched camp. Of late, it is stated, much energy has been displayed in improving the outer enceinte. It being impossible to construct a regular covered way, owing to the absence of a glacis, which, again, could not be thrown up by reason of the low command of the parapet, a *chemin-des-rondes* has been cut in the counterscarp to afford additional security against surprise. The powder-magazines have been rendered bomb-proof by heaping up earth upon them, and the terre-plein of both enceintes has been protected as much as possible against enfilade fire by the construction of traverses.

In the engraving the river-side forts and batteries are very clearly shown, together with the outer portion of the town extending down to one of the many groups of islands which interrupt the Danube in this vicinity. Toward the right-hand side of the picture is seen the powder-magazine, amidst the woods outside the town; three separate camps of Turkish soldiery occupy the hills behind. The distant range of the Balkan Mountains, on the eastern frontier of Bulgaria, is beheld, shutting out the valley of the Timok and the Servian town of Saichar, which was captured and pillaged by the Turks last year.

For centuries Widdin has been a strong post in all the contests between the Turks and their northern neighbors, and it is called by them the "Virgin Fort," from its never having yet been taken. It is the capital of an eyalet of the same name, and has for its chief officer or governor Seri Pasha. Not long ago an adventurous correspondent of the New York *Herald* crossed the Servian frontier and made his way as far as Widdin, where he was most politely entertained by this official. The following account of the amenities sometimes offered the gentlemen of the press even by the jealous and suspicious Turk will undoubtedly have an interest for those readers who are occasionally inclined to doubt the authenticity of statements made by war correspondents:

"Scarcely had we started on the morrow before we discerned the twenty minarets of Widdin, their pointed white spires half hidden by the tall and stately cypress-trees which are found in almost every Turkish city. According to the plan which I received from an English officer whom I met in the city, all the plains and ditches surrounding Widdin have been inundated by the waters of the Danube, the Turks having access to the city by draw-bridges; approach to the city is therefore very difficult. For more than an hour and a half we continued to travel in winding ravines, now seeing the city on our right, then to the left, attempting twenty different roads, but finally abandoning them all. At length we reached the town by way of Brigova and Sophra.

"We were conducted at once to the governor, to the little white mansion inhabited by Seri Pasha, which bears the euphonious name of Conak, from which a lovely view of the Danube is had as far as Kalafat. We found in the house an officer of somewhat remarkable appearance, having a head that would serve admirably as a model for a pipe-maker, and seated in a chair with his feet resting on the floor—an extraordinary exception—and smoking a long chibouque,